

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Leontine Stanfield

LEONTINE STANFIELD'S

BOOK OF VERSE.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
57 ROSE STREET.

REPAIR No. 6 2 0 '07

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
16487
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1907
1919

COPYRIGHT, 1906,
BY
LEONTINE STANFIELD.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

This book is printed from miscellaneous plates saved from the recent fire which destroyed much of Miss Stanfield's valuable work.

—The Publishers.

THE subject of a painting, its breadth, depth and general tone, its warmth of color and simple, honest, homely truth, appeal to far more persons than do the most delicate blending of stone greys and vague neutral tints, or the dexterous handling of chalkey whites, amber-flecked sunshine, purple-hued shadows, lilac atmospheres and endless subtleties of technique that too often prove the artist to be more skilful than sympathetic, more craft-wise than soulful.

There are many people to whom the monotony of an interminable tract of perfectly smooth asphalt pavement would soon become irritating, and would so grip their nerves that they would positively long for the bumps and jolts and jars, the hills and hollows and even the mud holes of a rough country road.

There are many more people with music in their souls who do not understand grand opera than those who do, and many more who appreciate a happy thought or quaint conceit told in brief verse, terse and to the point, yet who fail utterly to comprehend that intangible translucent fret-work of moonlight

and perfume and good, grey matter gone wrong, called Poetry, though willingly admitting its beauty, grandeur and loftiness, also its faultless rhythm, that seems to flow on and on forever, yet never reaching any perceptible point.

The monotone chant of deep, tideless seas reaches the ears of but few. Nine-tenths of the world do not care to hear. They had rather lie on mossy banks in shady green nooks and listen to the joyous, noisy babble of a shallow woodland stream and watch its dimpling ripples glint in the sunshine above its rough and stony bed, never asking or caring to fathom the "Great Unknown," content and happy with simple Nature as they find it, before the emasculating, all-flattening achromatic lawn-mower of the Poet has passed over it.

It is to these, the many, that I submit this volume of rhyme.

THE AUTHOR.

REMBRANDTS.

	PAGE
Author's Note,	3
The Scorpion Sting,	5
Sleep, Dreams and Death,	6
The Difference,	7
The Poet,	8
My Phantom,	8
Man's Life,	9
Apollo in Pheræ,	10
Jealousy,	11
The Golden Eagle,	11
Coriolis,	13
Dolores,	14
Crispin's Dream,	15
Under the City Lamps,	22
Goo-goo and Boo-hoo,	23
Birth of the Little Pink Pearl,	24
Gwyn Arann,	25
In the Grave,	26
Like Unto Ganges Grass,	28
Ashes of Roses,	29
A Cigarette Fantasie,	29
Only Astray,	30
Woman,	31
The Goatherd,	32
Just Wait,	33
The Idler,	34
From Folly's Glass,	34
Birth of Genius,	35
Fidelity,	36
Driftwood,	37
Sitting Bull Up-to-date,	38
A Requiem,	40
Little Master Jaek's Christmas,	41
Onez,	42
Jack's Little Typewriter Girl,	45
As the Old Year Dies,	46
The Red Man's Curse,	46
My Lady Frou Frou,	47
A Summer Idyl,	48
A Fantasy,	48
Birth of the Diamond,	49
A Fragment,	49
My Baby,	50
George Washington,	50
Where Heaven Lies,	51
The God of Greed,	52
Sunday School Willie,	52
The Pessimist,	53
Love and Lager Beer,	53
Lincoln,	54
The Dogs that Bark in the Night,	54
At Long Branch,	55

REMBRANDTS—Continued.

	PAGE		PAGE
A Fact,	55	And Angels Wept,	59
Did it Pay?	55	Pigeon English,	59
Evidently Not,	56	A Grave Affair,	59
Uncertain,	56	Thomas Jefferson,	60
At Anchorage,	57	Ode to George Washington,	61
Chestnuts,	58		

RHYMES, CHIMES AND JINGLINGS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Storm King,	3	At the Eternal Gate,	39
From Out of the Past,	4	An Acrostic,	42
The Night Cometh,	5	A Song of Revelry,	43
For This—For This,	6	World Weary,	44
My Little Geisha Girl,	6	Magic Pictures in the Grate,	45
Madeline,	7	Exult ye in the Lord,	48
Gypsy Lullaby,	8	Stand by Old Glory,	49
The Wee Little Wizzard that Conjures the Wine,	9	O Thou Most Holy God,	50
Bonny Eyes of Mystic Blue,	10	Christmas Carol,	50
I Love Thee So,	11	The Riverside Grave,	51
The Mountain Loved the Dew,	12	Bright Star of Love,	52
Summerland Isles,	12	The Girl Who'll be My Wife,	53
Love's First Sweet Kiss,	13	The Cruiser,	54
A Votre Santé,	14	For This [A Parody],	55
Love's Quest,	15	Were We to Meet Again,	56
Marriage of Moses,	25	Ma Petite,	57
		The Cook Am I,	58
		Crown Him King Eternal,	59

RHYMES, CHIMES AND JINGLINGS—(Continued.)

	PAGE
A Wild Western Ranger Am I,	60
When the Captain Tried to Sing,	61
How de Parson Raised de Debil,	62
Only a Word,	64
The Monarch of the Deep,	65
A Parody,	66
Answer Me Yes or No,	67
Love Meet Me,	68
My Love She is the Cook,	69
The New York Girl,	70
Boys Make Men,	71
The Winds of Fale,	73
The Charlatan,	74
Trowsers Blue,	76
Grandpa's Sweetheart,	77
Papa's Baby,	78
A Floral Acrostic,	79
The Fatal Souvenir,	80
The Contributor,	81
Happy as a King,	81
Tragic Pictures in the Grate [A Parody],	83
In Mexico [A Parody],	84
My Baby's Last Kiss,	85
That's About the Size of It,	86
Miranda, O, Miranda!	88
A Central Park Tragedy,	89
A Hero, if He Am Black,	90
Jackey and May,	91
The Little Soubrette,	92
You'll Remember,	94
While the Bells Were Ringing,	96
Don't Yo Dare to Come A-coodle-dooin' Me,	98
Wagner's Music,	99
Negro Lullaby	100
Ma Big Bol' Actor Man,	101
Brother Jim,	102
Down at Ephram Johnson's,	104
Heah de Signal Bell,	105
The Houlihans Overhead,	107
Evening on the Plantation,	109
Norah O'Roon,	110
The Strike,	111
The Kosher Nation,	112
He But Sleeps,	113
Corals,	114
Delilah,	115
Serenade,	116
The Gospel of a Glass of Beer,	117
Lilies of the Valley,	118
Gripsey, the Laborin' Man of Eight,	119
Be Joyful [A Carol],	122
Christmas,	123
Gates Ajar,	123
Star of Hope,	124
His Natal Day,	124
Welcome the King,	125
Last Night,	126

THEATRICAL CHIPS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Mummer,	3	Synonymous,	31
Jack and I,	5	The Stage Child,	32
Iris,	7	At the Church Fair,	32
While the Joy Bells Rang,	9	Her Soubretlets,	33
Seven Ages of Woman,	12	A Friend in Need,	33
Woman's Soliloquy,	13	Chorus,	34
The Burlesque,	14	The Manager,	35
The Ingenue,	15	The Fin de Siecle Girl,	36
L'Hirondelle,	21	A Casino Carol,	37
The Stage Hero,	26	Over the Counter,	37
The Stage Heroine,	27	As "Little Hannele" Told It,	38
The Stage Villain,	28	The Actor's Certificate,	39
The Adventuress,	29	After "The Vagabonds,"	42
The Comedy Man,	30	The Actor's Pipe Dream,	44
The Little Ingenue Girl,	31	Rococo,	45

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR,	*Frontispiece*
A VOTRE SANTÉ,	14
THE ACTOR'S PIPE DREAM,	44
THE GOD OF GREED,	52

FAMILIAR PROSE

TOLD IN VERSE.

THE SCORPION STING.

In Venice I talked with a Scorpion,
As hoary as Esau and grim;
And I asked the source of the secret power
For which man railed at him.

And the bearded creature answered,
As he lashed his jointed tail,
And blinked at the light on the broad lagoon
Where the Gondolieri sail:—

"The first of our race was a Beetle;
A harmless and innocent thing,
With naught of poison in his touch,
Or venom in his sting,
Till Death came riding by one day,
On his white and bloodless horse,
Holding two bleeding human hearts;
And the Beetle crossed his course.
Death gave him suck from the gory toys,
And the Beetle was filled with fire;
For he drew from the throbbing heart of the man
The Scorpion Sting—Desire!

And from the woman's heart he drank
Of the jealousy there distilled,
The corroding virus by which, to-day,
What's best in man is killed!"

And the Beetle now is a Scorpion;
It lives and multiplies;
Its sting is of drops of human blood,
And its breath is of human sighs!

SLEEP, DREAMS AND DEATH.

Hypnus is a beautiful boy,
With lips like the red, red rose:
And above his head, in the purple night,
One star in glory glows,
And his eyelids ne'er unclose.

Oneiros,—a smiling youth:
And circling his bended head,
Is a nimbus of silv'ry light:
A snake with case half shed
He holds in a hand blood red.

Thanatos,—a full grown man,
With calm and colorless face,
And fathomless eyes, like the depths of Hell:
A heavy leaden mace
Holds a coffin-board in place.

These are the gods of the poor,
 Of the wretched and proscribed.
Sleep—Dreams– and Death
 By gold cannot be bribed.
They leave the tyrant to writhe,
 And smile on a beggar child:
They are gods of the outcast wretch,
 Whom famine has driven wild.
They turn from beds of wealth,
 From lust and brutal lie,
And enter with visions fair
 Where youth and genius die.
Ere the world had birth, they were;
 When earth shall have ceased, they'll
 reign;
These pitying gods of the poor
 All fetters at last unchain.
These sons of eternal night,
 To the children of toil and care,
Are the only gods of all gods
 Who hear and answer prayer!

THE DIFFERENCE.

Man boldly strikes at what he hates,
 While a woman finds her joy
In crucifying the best beloved
 Of him she would destroy.
The sex a difference makes, you see:
 He tramples 'neath iron heels;
While *she*, with unrelenting smile,
 A cowardly death-blow deals.

THE POET.

He beholds a sentient consciousness in each leaf
that unfolds to the light,
And a soul in every created thing that lives and
has its sight.
He feels the presence of endless life in every
moving breeze,
And in each tender blade of grass the Hand
Divine he sees.
He hears a song of God in every vibrant vesper-
bell,
And every moth that floats in air has breath of
Heaven as well.
The pansy and the primrose both speak to him
of love,
And so does every tiny bird that carols in the
grove.
It is thus he lives his life—half mystic, half
sublime,
For Pantheism is the faith of the Poet for all
time.

MY PHANTOM.

There's a bloodless old man called Care,
He's the sire of gray Despair,
Like a sleuth-hound, through the day
He pursues me ev'ry where.

In the night I wake with a start,
I find him there at my bed,
I am chilled by his stony gaze,
And my prayers are left unsaid.
When I stretch my hands toward the light,
And the promise-bow seems near,
I am seized with a sudden dread,
As I see this ghost appear.
There is grave-mould on his brow,
And his wolfish eyes are dim,
As I breathe his breath in the air,
I am growing to look like him.
Go where I will or may, I know
This phantom will hold me fast,
And with vice-like grip on my throat,
He will silence me at last.

MAN'S LIFE.

When a man loves life for the sake of life,
Because it is joyous and sweet,
He may be weak in his shuddering dread
Of the grave and its winding sheet.
But when a man clings and holds to life
Through hunger, pain and despair,
Because of the great soul in his breast,
Promethean strength is there!

APOLLO IN PHERÆ.

His naked limbs had a regal power,
 His frame was massive and grand,
He looked the very god he was,—
 This exile in Pheræ's land.
His noble head was lifted high,
 His eye gave scorn for scorn,
As, chained to a mill with the patient ox,
 He labored grinding corn.
This mighty and "far-striking king"
 Toiled 'neath the curse of Zeus,
Beside him hung an empty shell,
 While his unstrung bow swung loose;
And knavish Hermes jeering cried,
 "Oh thou who'd be greater than I,
For what hast thou bartered to me thy wealth,
 And thy rights divine on high?
For seven sweet chords strung on a shell,
 For a melody not thine own?
Oh, fool,—thine empire thus to lose
 For a lyre my syrinx outshone:
Will human ear e'er heed thy songs,
 Now thy scepter has passed to my hands?
Will immortal music bring thee joy,
 Whilst toiling in burning sands?"
So genius, bound to the grindstone,
 Is mocked by the world to-day;
The world hears not the seven sweet chords,
 For its ears are filled with clay.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy, strong and lusty of life,
Is like the jewel-eyed toad,
Though it lies dormant year on year,
In some prison-like abode,
As soon as the prison walls unclose,
And it gains its liberty,
It keeps its secret venom unspent,
To use remorselessly.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

An amber light lay on the lochs,
Where Cheviot hills rose high,
And salmon waters leaped o'er rocks
Beneath a cloudless sky.
Where belted Will's Tower frowning stood
Long after Howard died ;
And where the mad moss troopers rode
With Bothwell at their side.
The Chevy Chase and Flodden Field
Are of a by-gone day;
The Warden of the Marsh is dead,
His White Queen pass'd away.
Here Douglas sought the border fray,
And Percy silent grew,
Scouring the gorse for some new piece
Of Hotspur derring-do.

Where bold Norse pirates once were led,
 Our Lairds go now unarmed.
Bold Malcolm raids the moors no more;
 The deer graze there unharmed.
And monarch of this solitude,
 With broad, wide-spreading wing,
An Eagle soars in royal pride.
 A glorious, untamed king.
In God-like freedom, circling high,
 With eyes fixed on the sun,
He heeds not in his stately flight
 The sportsman's cruel gun.
Like quiv'ring human agony,
 One death-cry cuts the air;
Then, helpless in the brown moor grass,
 The bird lies dying there.
In anguish wild the warm life-blood
 Wells from his dauntless breast;
His piercing eyes glaze o'er with film,
 Low sinks his kingly crest.
Across the heath and bracken
 And tarn, where wild ducks brood,
Knee-deep in purple heather,
 The bold assassin stood.
The skill which mankind envied him
 Seemed cowardly and base;
As the yellow furze-buds reddened,
 Shame tinged the hunter's face.
He doffed his bonnet gravely,
 "May God forgive!" he cried;

"A life as worthy as my own
In that grand bird has died!"
But he put the Golden Eagle
First in his hunting bag,
With ptarmigan from the sedges
And wild fowl from the crag.
He strode away in the distance,
And left the whin still wet,
For the shot superb filled his heart with pride,
And deadened his brief regret.

Was there more sinful murder
When noble Cæsar fell?
Man's answer is but theory—
'Tis God alone can tell!

CORIOLIS.

She had done well for herself, she said;
She had riches and lovers and fame;
She had jewels kings had given her,
And nations applauded her name.
She had feasted her sight and her senses;
In her way she had reigned a queen;
She had drank of the joys of passion,
And laughed all the hours between.
Now the man she had sinned against, suffered,
Dying hard through a score of years;
But the sinner had lived, rejoicing,
Knowing neither repentance nor tears.

Still men say remorse strikes a balance,
'Twixt the lives that endure and offend;
Yet this soulless, sensuous creature
Lived careless and gay to the end.
Remorse may have come for an hour,
And brandished its tiny thorn,
Crying "Lo, I am retribution!"
But this sinner still laughs him to scorn.

DOLORES.

Oh, radiant empress of stage-land,—
White temple of burning desire,—
What midnights of famishing hunger
Thy counterfeit glories inspire!
Lips hot with the blood beats of kisses
And thick with love-honey and wet;
What husks of impotent longings
Thy lime-light embraces beget!
'Neath thy fire-shod sabots of passion
Thou tramplest thy soul in the dust.
In the blood of thy self-slaughtered conscience
Thy young heart shall tarnish and rust.
In the livid beginning of sorrow,
When plum-colored hope taketh wing,
When thy breast clogs and aches in dumb anguish,
What joy will thy conquests then bring?
Gilt house filled with fev'rish ambition
Where laughter and cruel tears blend,

Thy magic beguiles and befools us
Into madness, where all sweet things end.
Should love—real love—overtake thee,
At last should thine Eros appear,
Would he value thy odorless laurels,
Canker-eaten, asp-poisoned, and sear?
But what *care* we, while gazing upon thee,
For thy future, or yet for thy past?
We'll drink to thee—worship, adore thee,
Whilst thy beauty and sovereignty last.

CRISPIN'S DREAM.

TOLD IN VERSE.

Noon is the midnight of the South, when all
Rome sinks to rest,
And I but closed my eyes in Cæsar's gallery
and dreamed.
Without, the warmth was great; within, chill
stillness reigned;
And all about and everywhere huge gods in
marble gleamed.
Before me was a bust of bronze, with crown of
ivy leaf—
Some say a bust of Bacchus, but *I* know they
are not right,
For it is Ariadne, with thick and clustering hair,

And glinting orbs, like brown lake water seen
in lunar light.
There is a Bacchus there—nay, I could count a
score—
Beneath whose every footfall mystic passion
flowers arise.
But this one is the true one—puissant, young,
divine,
With smouldering fires of genius in his eyes.
The white god and the bust of bronze stand very
near;
'Tis Ariadne, Minos' daughter, now I'm sure:
For as I look the sweet lips seem to part,
And life lights up the face serenely pure.
She turned her head and spoke. "How could
you know?" she said;
"You, an old man, who sits at work each day
And cobbles shoes, holding no converse with the
gods—
How came you to be here in Cæsar's gallery?"
She paused and seemed to think, then softly
sighed.
"Ah, Naxos! no woman can elude it who loves
well!
Yes, I am Ariadne, sent to earth again.
Adonia willed it so; but why, I cannot tell:
He said, 'Go up into the light, though into pain.
'Tis better far to see the Sun, though toiling in
the dust,

And kisses on the mouth are sweet, though
stabbed unto the heart.'
But what he meant, I do not know: I came—
he said I must.
Had I my choice, I would return into the dark,
For with Persephone I suffered little pain.
Life have I forgotten, as the dead forget:
Why was I forced to come? What do I gain?
Adonia told me that the gods would tell.
My heart is sick with waiting; tell me now!"
The lustful Cæsars hung their heads in shame
Nor dared to lift their lewd eyes to her beauteous brow.
'Twas her betrayer spoke—Naxia was naught to him;
His smile was pitiless and cruel as in life:
"Theseus and I gave passion to you: without it
You could not see the Sun or feel the knife!"
And then he touched his thyrsus to the floor,
And lo! a purple passion flower grew up and fell apart.
"You should rejoice," he said, "as does the flower,
Although an asp eats at its starry heart."
The white cow 'neath an ilex bough arose.
"Men called me 'Io' once," with wistful look, she sighed:
"But the gadfly in my flesh gave me no peace,
Until content I sank into the beast's calm hide.
Ah, Naxos kills, if not the body, then the soul;

It will be so with her when the purple flower dies."
Apollo, hearing, answered: "No, not so, Io,
You would not listen to my songs, you were unwise;
Had you the soul my sibyls keep, you had been strong
And could not have become a brute to browse and graze."
But Daphne cried in tearful agony,
With breast and feet where grew the living bays:
"Your sibyls are too strong and Love alone is wise;
Both gods and men begrudge the laurel leaf;
But when it lives and grows from out a woman's breast,
It is indeed a curse. Dear Heaven! Ah, what grief!"
Apollo smiled and said: "Your wisdom comes too late;
The bays are bitter? That is not my fault;
Of love you would have nothing; blame not me
That now you suffer and your tears are salt!"
Artemis turned her cold, calm face to look,
She of the slender and unerring spear.
"Persephone, my sister, cruel was
To send you back to earth to brave me here.
Where was your father in that darksome world?
Fair fool of too much love and little wit.

Why did you lift the sword? Why find the clew?
The deed was daring and the gods have punished it!"
Dionysius smiling spoke: "'Twas Eros who was cruel,
My sov'reign of the silver bow," he said;
"Had he not first betrayed, not e'en Diana's wrath
Could harm the glory of that fair young head."
Anacreon and Alcæus, both immortal now,
Came from the central chamber and stood nigh,
And murmured low: "How often Love is wronged;
'Tis but Philotes in Love's likeness passing by."
Then spoke a mortal counterfeit of Venus Pandemos,
A woman who had bared her charms to live in stone.
"Naxos is naught," she said; "love not one lover, but love Love,
For man is faithful but to faithlessness alone;
'Twas Aphrodite, she who made me, taught me this.
'Tis she who loves the joys of her own body that is strong."
Here Bacchus spoke, and the imperial harlot fled.
"Venus binds in chains," he said; "my sister served her long,

And night and day of Lethe drank in vain."
A Roman woman rose from off her marble bed,
Holding the poppy flowers of endless rest.
"If not Lubentina's temple, better death!"
she said.
"Here are the crimson symbols of forgetfulness.
Return, misguided maid, to Orcas and the
dead!
There is no middle path for such as you!"
And then she dropped a poppy blossom red!
But Psyche, dancing to a satyr's syrinx,
With pomegranate flower leaves for wings,
Flew near and caught the butterfly above her
head,
And would have giv'n th' immortal life it
brings.
But Love had followed close, and stayed her
hand!
"If I bide not with her," he said, "she needs
no gift but death!"
"Then stay!" said Ariadne's traitor, with a
laugh.
Love only sighed with half regretful breath.
"The passion flower lives but a night," he
said.
"You and men after you forbid me rest,
And I am like the purple blossoms sweet,
For I can lie no longer in one breast!"
Anacreon, speaking, said: "You had no wings
of old, Eros,

And you were worthier of worship then, by far."

Alcæus gently whispered Sappho's name,
His heart still true to his Mytilenean star.
"The laurels grew so high betwixt us two,
But did not hide the Leucadian rock or sea."
Love laughed aloud, for he is often cruel.
"I'm stronger than all gods," he said; "the dead forget not me."
The two great poets answered not a word.
They knew his strength; they both knew Love to be
Fiercer than flame, and free as wildest bird,
And faithless as the wind that sweeps the flow'ry lea.
Ariadne, silent and irresolute,
Holding the passion flower to her breast,
Looked down upon the laurel at her feet,
And the blood-red poppy of eternal rest.
Then Love chose for her. "Be wise!" he said, and smiled,
And closed her hand upon the death-flower as he spoke.
"When I shall leave you, eat of this—and sleep!"
I sprang to take it from her, and awoke.

UNDER THE CITY LAMPS.

Under the City Lamps, Judas betrays his friend,
And blackens with crime the name of the brother
he should defend.

Under the City Lamps Vice and Virtue meet;
Vice bedecked and rouged, Virtue with cold bare
feet.

Under the City Lamps the black bat wings his
flight,
As the female Vampire bleeds her victim of the
night.

Under the City Lamps, dazed by grief and cold,
For a starving child at home a mother's body is
sold.

Under the City Lamps in a Florist's window
bright
Are funeral immortelles and bridal orange white.

Under the City Lamps e'en God forgets the poor,
While wanton waste exults inside the rich man's
door.

Under the City Lamps the sound of laughter
comes,
Crossed by the hissing curse of the beggar from
the slums.

Under the City Lamps, watching early and late,
A faithful dog grows gaunt beside the Morgue's dark gate.

Under the City Lamps the mad crowd surges past,
Always and ever the same as long as time shall last.

GOO-GOO AND BOO-HOO.

The window was open, the day was fair,
Johnny the baby climbed up in a chair.
Right in the window he took a seat,
And laughingly looked down into the street.
People passing stopped to stare,
And soon a crowd was gathered there.
The little one shook his curly head,
"Goo-goo-goo-goo," he playfully said
He was so happy and full of glee,
And a sweeter baby you'd never see.

A pretty bird, singing, flew toward the sky—
The baby clapped both hands as it went by,
Reached far out, lost his balance, and fell.
Oh! the horror of it, no tongue can tell!
Like a tiny snowflake bright
Down came the baby dressed in white—
An awning caught and saved him from death.
"Boo-hoo," he yelled when he got his breath.
Women shrieked wildly, men gazed in awe,
But a madder baby you never saw.

BIRTH OF THE LITTLE PINK PEARL.

TO MR. AND MRS. EUGENE PEARL,
Sherwood House, New York.

The Cricket chirped by the hearthstone,
Gay little Cricket and wise;
The Artist fell asleep in his chair
And dreamed of Paradise.
There were hills and valleys and meadows,
And forest lands sweet to smell,
And rocks of onyx over which
Bright waters leapt and fell.
There were lilacs and lilies and roses
And celestial asphodels,
And passion flowers with starry hearts,
And modest heather bells.
There were birds of wondrous plumage,
And of many a brilliant hue,
And trees with vines and mosses
Ever green and fresh with dew.
There were lakes of shining silver,
And mountains of bright gold,
And long streets paved with diamonds
And jewels manifold.
There were bands of angels, singing
Hosannas loud and long,
But over all and through it
Came the Cricket's merry song.
There were golden harps a-ringing
And chimes of distant bells.

And zephyrs gently blowing
O'er beds of pearly shells.
Ah, those shells of mystic beauty!
The Artist knew their worth;
He stretched his hand and took one,
And brought it down to earth!
The Cricket sang on gaily,
The Artist woke and smiled.
Of that heavenly dream and the Cricket's song,
Came the little Pink Pearl child.

GWYN ARANN.

Gwyn Arann came of a race of ferns,
And lived in the age of myth:
He wandered invisible where he would,
By mountain, stream or frith.
He rode a weird, invisible horse,
That flew with the speed of air,
To the sun, if thither he wished to go,
Or to the desert bare.
He talked at will with the twinkling stars,
And great Zeus heard his words,
And the forest pine-trees answered back,
And so did the flowers and birds.
A wond'rous magic horn was his,
Hung round with roses red;
Before its sweet-toned golden notes,
All melancholy fled.

Gwyn Arann one day a banquet gave
To a sage of sober mind:
But his guest declared the ambrosial treat
Was void as the empty wind.
And stubbornly the churl maintained,
With scornful word and look,
That the feast was only forest leaves,
With water from the brook.
Gwyn Arann with deep disgust was seized
And vanished into space:
Still we sometimes see his likeness yet,
In some poet-painter's face.
But the World is ever the same old sage,
And scoffs at foolish art;
The poet-painter, hopeless, sighs,
And dies of a broken heart.

IN THE GRAVE.

The fat grub bored 'neath the coffin-lid,
And knew all the dead woman said and did.

First, she tore at her golden hair,
Cursing the rust that had gathered there;

Then she felt of her brow and sunken cheek;
The mildew and grave-mould made her shriek!

Next, she plucked her eyelids open wide,
But sight in the violet orbs had died;

She touched her mouth with her finger tips;
The mouse of the bracken sat 'twixt her lips!

"Ah, Christ!" she cried and clutched her breast,
"Even the grave can give no rest!

"Once my body was clean and sweet;
Corruption now is my winding sheet!

"Once I had lovers by the score;
Not one lover have I more!

"Once I had wealth and lived in state;
A strange name now is on my gate!

"Once I was decked in cloth of gold;
Grave-bands now my bones enfold!

"My life was one long, joyous day;
What good thing did I bring away?

"What good gift did I have of God,
If the end of all is putrid sod?"

The "Red Mouse" laughed aloud and said—
"You shall know when He judges the quick and dead;

"From sterile corn comes bitter bread;
On its fetid husks hell's worm is fed!"

The coffin wasted and fell apart;
All perished, in time, save the woman's heart!

LIKE UNTO GANGES GRASS.

TO G. R. C.

The pungent grass of the Ganges
 Draws its odors one by one,
'Neath India's mystic moonless nights
 And days of scorching sun :
From the heated, aromatic breath
 Of the leopard who stoops to drink,
And the sacred oils that burn in lamps
 Along the river's brink :
From the kiss of sweet girl bathers,
 And the unguents of myrrh that glide
From the round, bare limbs of the maiden,
 Who at midnight becomes a bride.
The grass holds fast and feeds on it all,
 And its treasures will not betray,
'Till torn from its roots and bruised and crushed
 And seared it withers away !

Like the Ganges grass man holds his best,
 Till the fire has proven his worth.
Then from the ashes, Phœnix-like,
 A purer soul hath birth.

ASHES OF ROSES.

There's a chamber in my heart
Long deserted, hid with art,
Where a tarnished tinsel curtain falls and shuts the place apart;
And within that darkened room
Silence reigns as in a tomb,
There is nothing ever comes or ever can to break its gloom.
Char of burned out holocaust,
Desolation, ruin, rust,
Blight and stain of withered roses, hot house blossoms turned to dust;
Mildew, cobwebs, spoil, decay,
Ghoulish shadows grim and grey.
Pallid wraiths of crimson kisses, stone-eyed gods with feet of clay,
"Kismet" writ on blood-stained scrolls,
Altars reared on barren shoals—
Just the dead past in that chamber and the ashes of two souls.

A CIGARETTE FANTASIE.

Lazily smoking my cigarette
I'm lost in sweet retrospection;
I dream of the time when first we met,
When life was a joy beyond regret,
And you were simply perfection.
The trials of to-day I puff them away.
I live in the fond recollection

Of how wisely you said when I asked you to
wed,
That to fetters you had an objection.
To-day I am single and haven't a care—
In a cloudland of smoke I build castles in air;
I've a storehouse of treasures beyond compare,
And you are my queen—I dwell with you there.
Your lips are as fresh and your beauty as rare
As when youth's bright sunlight played in your
hair.
We wander about in an Eden of bliss,
And my soul dissolves in your phantom kiss.
I dream, I awake, remember, forget—
As I puff—puff—puff—my cigarette.

ONLY ASTRAY.

When God is deaf the devil appears—
That is his wisdom, you see;
And he soothes the poor little human soul
That cries in its misery.
And the poor little soul, alone in the world,
Timid, blind, and astray,
Striving to find, with pleading hands,
The good and upright way;
Lifting its feeble voice so young,
Like the pipe of a new-born bird,
It hungers and thirsts and calls aloud—
But its God has never heard.

So the devil, always listening,
Finds the little soul in distress,
And guides its steps to flowery paths,
Teaching it tenderness.
He sings of passion and of love,
And the music seems divine,
And the little soul soon grows content,
As it sips of the poisoned wine.
Because it was trusting and weak,
And its God heard not its cries,
While innocent and only astray
It enters Hell, and dies.

WOMAN.

"What is woman?" say you; well, she's this:
A creature all white and rose;
She's the link 'twixt Earth and Heaven;
She's the fairest flower that grows.
As a maiden, she's trusting and tender;
In the wife all virtues blend;
As a mother she's strong and reliant;
Old age brings a peaceful end.
But Hermes created woman—
From Treason he made her mind;
A poisoned zephyr gave her breath,
Her words were the empty wind;
And Hephæstus made her heart,
Fusing for it iron and brass;
And man has found her ever thus,
A polyhedral riddle—alas!

THE GOATHERD.

A goatherd, once upon a time,
 Sat sorrowing all alone,
For no man seemed to be his friend,
 And women there were none.
A fairy found him sobbing sore,
 It touched her tiny heart:
She brought a yellow poppy bud,
 And broke the leaves apart.
"Breathe gently on the flower," she said,
 "And three times make a wish!"
He placed the offered celandine
 With water in a dish.
Then he breathed upon it, saying
 "May I laugh as others do!"
And immediately he laughed aloud,
 But no joy or mirth he knew.
Then eagerly he wished again—
 "Let me love as others do!"
A maiden kissed him on the mouth,
 Her cold lips chilled him through.
He breathed the third time, saying low,
 "Let others laugh and love,
I'll live contented with my lot!"
 But the fay cried from above,
"Both love and laughter you shall have,
 Your third wish, pure of greed,
Has brought you comfort, joy, good cheer,
 And all things else you need!"

Then the goatherd sang for happiness,
And his heart was light and gay,
The maiden's lips grew warm and sweet,
And he laughed the live-long day.

Do you know what the story teaches,
You children of discontent?
'Twere well to study its meaning,
Ere your magic flower is spent!

JUST WAIT.

Don't fly in a rage and fight with fate,
Just have patience and learn to wait—
All things will come to you soon or late.
Oh! it's a grand optimistic state
To get into. Now, to illustrate
In some odd verse quite out of date:
While you send for the napkin
The soup gets cold;
While you match the buttons
The pattern is sold;
While the bonnet is trimmed
The face grows old;
While you plan the future
Your knell is tolled.
Oh, yes! things come, but they come too late,—
Just after you're dead, if you want it straight.

THE IDLER.

All day he will lie in the sunshine,
And gaze at the sky overhead,
And the pictures he sees in cloudland,
To his soul are as meat and as bread.
At night he will revel in moonlight
As the pale stars gleam and glance,
And dream of a glorious future—
But slothfully leaves it to *chance*.

FROM FOLLY'S GLASS.

I have kept her picture for years with care,
I often gaze on her flower-like face,
With its warm red mouth and dusky eyes
Half hid neath a corner of Spanish lace.
It's foolish I know, but long ago
We played at "captive" and at "queen."
I have done the same with a score or more,
And escaped without a scar, I ween;
And we parted, I thought, with little regret,
And lightly laughed when the farce was o'er;
But through all these years she holds me yet—
The girl I try to but cannot forget.

I have married an angel whom I adore,
My home is a realm of domestic bliss;
I have wealth and friends and children dear,
And yet there is, somehow, something amiss.

The fire burns low, I light my pipe,
I turn to my paper and try to read,
But between the lines *her* face I see,
And the warm red lips for kisses plead;
Then I dream of the time when first we met,
And I live again the buried past;
Oh, yes—I'm a fool, I know—and yet—
I wonder—did *she* find it hard to forget?

The gate of Heaven swung open half a span, And in the space a grieving Peri knelt And softly wept. Prometheus, passing, paused And sportively two tiny tears he caught Within the hollow of his hand. He kissed them And turned them into scintillating pearls Of liquid light. But, where his lips had touched, An ebon spot remained, as if a bolt Of fire had charred them through. By some mishap The pretty things were lost and never found (Though search was made) until Ambition ope'd Her eyelids, fringed with jet, and there disclosed The crystal globes.

Prometheus was amazed, And all the gods did marvel over much, And the great Titian said, "Those beauteous orbs Should be as windows to the soul within"; Then dropped an arrow barbed with living spark Which pierced the tender breast and set the heart Aflame. Out through those ebon shafts leaped forth Immortal light and Genius saw the Sun—And seeing, stretched her hands—and wept again.

FIDELITY.

Hideous, bent and old was she,
Like a blasted, gashed and twisted tree;
And this is the story she told to me;
Near beautiful Naples, by the sea.

"Long, long ago, when my years were few,
I had wealth, and health, and beauty too;
And many a young man came to woo—
But to one brave lad my heart was true.

We were to wed, and the time was set,
When one day, by mischance, I met
Tasso, who talked of wild regret
And a love he could not quite forget.

My Lillo heard—Tasso he slew,
In jealous rage he struck me, too;
Across my face his knife he drew—
My cheek and eye were cloven through.

Ah! that was many years ago—
My hurts were deep, and mended slow.
My Lillo wearied—men do so;
At last he left me to my woe.

When trouble came friends turned away
And wealth departed in a day.
Now old, and broken down, and gray,
I wander with no place to stay.

My sight is dark, and you can see
Here in this scar, my fingers three
I lay—where his kiss used to be ;
Its ache alone remains with me.

And yet I'm glad that it is so,
For that he loved me now I know.
'Twas love, mad love, dealt that swift blow
That crushed and laid my beauty low.

That one sweet thought brings peace and rest
And comfort, to my joyless breast.
He loved—though cruel seemed the test !
God willed it so—His name be bless'd !"

DRIFTWOOD.

When the coiled snake woos the hapless bird,
When the great lord envies the peasant's vine,
When the gay prince smiles on the beggar maid,
When the counsel covets his client's mine,
When the lash is raised 'gainst the helpless slave,
When the fawn is trailed by the wily hound,
When the vulture answers the ring dove's cry,
When the jackal haunts the battle ground,
When the vampire thirsts for the taste of blood,
When the Hell-king prates in pious rhyme,
When the strong is pitted against the weak—
The obvious end of it all is crime.

SITTING BULL UP TO DATE.

Great Chiefs, our sun is set,
We're out on second base;
The umpire cuts us dead
And calls us a disgrace.
With rum and much refinement
Our happiness has flown;
Our stove-pipe hats now often act
As smokestacks for a groan.
Once I could make a stand,
And with one whoop could bring
My painted braves from cottonwood
With bow and trusty string.
But now the frisky whirlwind
Echoes my war-like cry,
And Washoe zephyrs murmur
"R-r-ats" as they cyclone by.
The paleface came with honeyed words
And took us by the hand;
He gave us each a red necktie,
We gave him all our land.
He came and brought his big canoe,
He lived at our expense;
He filled the land with churches
And railroad accidents.
He said we needed culture—
Our habits they were loose.
Then filled us up with whiskey—
And bum tarantula juice.
He taught us to be lordly,
Make women do the work,

To strike them like a white man,
And "smoke-up" like a Turk.
Since then my warriors have grown weak;
They care not for the chase;
Most of them now are on the stage,
With grease paint on their face.
We once slept with the rattlesnake
And fought like wolves all day;
Now each Buck wants a Taylor trunk
And kicks for salary.
Our food was then jerked bear meat
Or buffalo, perchance.
Now champagne powwows are in line
With hootchie-kootchie dance.
My brothers, you have fallen!
You hit the cigarette!
You're filled with booze and dope dreams,
Your heads have wheels to let.
Your squaws have put on bloomers,
They ride the festive bike;
They patronize the dog show,
And swagger round man-like.
I'm astounded, I'm dumbfounded,
I am faint with grief and shame.
My heart, I feel, is breaking;
I am sorry that I came!
O! my people, you've disgraced me,
In my grave I'll hide my head,
Don't try to resurrect me—
Sitting Bull is glad he's dead.

A REQUIEM.

Lois, the honest woman,
 Clicks about in wooden shoes;
She sleeps on a scanty bed of flock,
 And drinks but the wine she brews.
She is crippled, withered and weather-stained,
 Ere she reaches middle life;
Her youth and beauty vanquished
 In Poverty's endless strife.
She dies, at last, in the work-house,
 Then she fills a pauper's grave;
And no one sighs or drops a tear,
 Or stretches a hand to save!

Faustina, daughter of wickedness,
 Has broidered slippers warm,
And reclines between two cambric sheets,
 Caressing her dainty form!
She has silks and jewels and laces;
 She eats of the best in the land;
She has wealth and beauty and lovers,
 And servants at her command.
When she grows too old for pleasure,
 She embraces the Church and dies;
And her noble virtues are blazoned
 On a tablet of regal size!

This is Virtue versus Vice!
 Each pays its servants well:
But whether in Hell or Heav'n,
 Ah! who is there can tell?

LITTLE MASTER JACK'S CHRISTMAS.

St. Nicholas came at Christmas time,
Knocking, knocking, knocking.
Down the chimney he brought a horse,
Rocking, rocking, rocking!
All saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight—
Ah! but he was a gallant sight;
He'd have gladdened the heart of squire or knight,
As he bravely stood in the morning light,
Awaiting his master—a wee little mite,
Who came next door to having a fright
As he hopped out of bed and softly said
"Now I'll just take a peep at my stocking."
The horse was the first thing met his eye.
He gazed a moment, then gave a cry,
So loud and so long, in a key so high,
That a "cop" in the street who had just passed by,
Was seized with such fear that he started to fly.
"How-de-do," said the horse, "my name is Dick."
"Glad to see you," said Jack. "You look pretty slick."
Then he reached for the bridle and mounted him quick,
And off they galloped click-a-ta-click.
And that is the way,
Hooray! hooray!
That Little Master Jack, they say,
All in his airy night array,
With noisy shout and laughter gay,
Captured his horse and rode away
In the early mist of morning grey
In New York town on Christmas Day.

ONEZ.

A SWINBURNE REMBRANDT.

I stood by the grave of Onez
 As the solemn night came down;
At my side rose a stately column
 With a carven cross and crown.
Above were the jewel-decked heavens;
 And across the wooded dells,
From a gray old convent tower
 Came the sound of vesper bells.
And there at my feet lay Onez,
 Whose blood had been reddened by fire;
The woman who scorched men's souls with her kiss
 And consumed them in burning desire!
Whose beautiful body ne'er ached with a heart,
 Who was born without conscience or shame,
Who was nurtured on barren fruits of love
 And caresses too sinful to name!
And I laughed aloud in derision
 At the irony of fate:
Onez, the wanton, the harlot,
 Entombed like a saint in state!
She had sinned till Death stood by her,
 Then to Church had hastily brought
Her wealth and earthly possessions,
 And for absolution sought.
And I—who had been her lover,
 Who had drunk of her body my fill,

And murdered my youth before manhood,
With insatiate lusts that kill:—
Stood there with dry eyes in the gloaming,
While a deep calm reigned everywhere,
And the vesper bells' soft chiming
Became an articulate prayer.
I closed my ears with a shudder—
The sound was discordant and pained;
I was aching with gray old miseries,
Like a cut tree, thinned and drained;
And I mocked the heavens in madness;
I was wild with a bitter mirth,
And bitten with cruel memories
Of that dead woman under the earth:
Of Onez, who first had met me
In the spring-time of my youth,
When, holding Christ's name a sacred thing,
I believed in His infinite truth.
While a neophyte of priesthood,
Knowing little of sinful lust,
I felt her white arms about me,
And renounced my God and my trust.
She breathed in my nostrils and filled me
With a hot, unquenchable flame;
Till faint and blind from her kisses
Like a stricken leper I came.
She bruised me with sweet fierce caresses,
As the tigress wakes love in her mate;
I was drunken with ravenous raptures
And strange hungers no feasting could sate.

Her mouth, like a soft, biting adder,
Begot transports of ecstatic pain;
Till, palsied with impotent ragings,
Reason fled in affright from the brain.
'Twas thus this woman had held me,
And in Death she triumphed still!
I had come to have her release me
From a bondage that wrought but ill!
But the cold grave gave no answer,
And writhing in frenzied despair,
And weakened by fasting and anguish,
I sank by a crucifix there.
Long and vaguely I gazed at the emblem,
Till it paled in a holy flame,
And where the face of Christ had been,
Mary, "Mother of Sorrows," came!
Then a great calm fell upon me,
And a peace I had longed for for years;
My dull soul awoke within me
And my dry eyes filled with tears.
I bowed my head as in childhood,
In humiliation and shame;
And touching my lips to the crucifix,
I murmured the Virgin's name.
The night winds brought back the echo,
Like a whisper of hope from above,
Filling me full of contrition
And thoughts of Christ's limitless love!
Like a lost wretch pleading for mercy,
Chained down in a dungeon cell,

I stretched my arms toward the Heavens,
 Reaching up through the blackness of Hell.
The moon from a cloud broke softly,
 And I suddenly seemed to see
God's hand in the distance, beckoning.
 I arose! At last I was free!

JACK'S LITTLE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

TO ISABELLE R.

She's a dainty little maiden,
 Budding into womanhood;
With a voice of sweetest music
 And a soul all pure and good.
And Jack never has to scold her—
 Never gets a chance to kick;
And he tells me on the quiet,
 That "that girl is just a brick!"

It's tock-a-ta-tock and tick-a-ta-tick!
How the keys rattle and how they click!
Click-a-ta-clack-a-ta-clock-a-ta-click;
And there is your copy, correct and quick!

May her pathway bloom with roses!
 May Fate's great big pruning-knife
Cut away all thorns and briars
 As she journeys on through life!
May she—when she reaches Heaven
 And becomes an angel dear—
Bang her golden harp as lively
 As she does her type-keys here!

AS THE OLD YEAR DIES.

Come, sit by my side, little darling,
 Let me look down deep in your eyes.
Now, tell me, my pet, is there no regret
 For the Old Year as it dies?
Is your heart as light and as white, dear,
 As it was twelve months ago?
Are your courage and hopes as bright, dear,
 And has life the same rosy glow?
What! nothing but tears for answer,
 And sweet lips wrenched with pain?
Ah, God, what wreckage and sorrow
 Does the gray Old Year contain!

THE RED MAN'S CURSE.

"I am the Red Man from the West!
I come with scars upon my breast!
My camp-fires smoulder in the night:
My children perish in my sight.
My nation, starving, calls for bread,
And old and young are lying dead.
The river-beds are dry and sear:
No fish, no fowl, no game appear.
We wander with no place to go,
And die like stricken buffalo!
Oh, pale-face man, why is this so?
Why have ye wrought this deadly woe?
Since first you landed on our shore,
Your hands have reddened with our gore.

A curse upon you, one and all!
May plague and famine on you fall—
Your wives turn cold in your embrace—
Your children bear a stranger's face—
And may you die by fire and smoke,
And all the curses I invoke!"
The Red Man of the West thus spoke!
With heart that broke
He spoke!

MY LADY FROU FROU.

A LEAF FROM ELLA LEE.

A tiny soul clung to the sod,
In the midst of the morning gray;
Its body had perished in the night,
And the little soul was astray.
Too fragile a thing to rise,
Like the breath of a butterfly,
It settled itself down by its grave,
And refused to mount on high.
I left it trembling there,
And never knew its fate;
Or if, perchance, it found
Its way to the Golden Gate.

What does become of such gossamer souls,
Light and white as a lily bell,
Too utterly worthless for Heaven,
And not sinful enough for Hell?

A SUMMER IDYL.

Violets, pansies and feathery thistles,
Humming-birds, bees and locust that whistles,
Hyacinth, lilac and wild honeysuckle,
And ivies that tenderly cling;
Day-dawns awaking in golden splendor,
Dewy-wet clover and lily-buds slender,
Sweet-briar roses and fresh morning glories—
These are but fragments of summerland stories.

Waters that tumble in noisy delight,
Whip-poor-wills plaintively calling at night,
Sea-shells that murmur in endless regret,
And woodlands that joyously ring;
Bobolinks, orioles, blue-birds and thrushes,
Whispers of love and maidenly blushes,
Vows of eternal truth, kisses so sweet,
And Summer is quite complete.

A FANTASY.

The moon is Diogenes' lantern, searching, searching evermore,
The man in the moon Diogenes, with hoary head of gray;
And the stars are little manholes in heaven's turquoise floor,
Through which the angels come and go, bearing our dead away.

BIRTH OF THE DIAMOND.

The Sun-God loved the Ice-Flower,
 Who dwelt in perpetual snow,
He wooed her with tenderest glances,
 And sang to her soft and low;
The Ice-Flower scorned his homage,
 And laughed as he lay at her feet.
"Can you give naught but love?" she said,
 "To make my life more sweet?"
He told her of rivers and meadows,
 Of valleys and forests green;
She softly sighed, "I will be your bride,
 If I may be made the queen."
The Sun-God called upon Hermes,
 Who came and who made them one;
Alas for the stately Ice-Flower!
 Alas for the God of the Sun!
Her lips chilled and mocked his passion,
 His kiss turned her heart to flint—
Ice-bound is the diamond, their daughter
 Queen-gem, with the Sun's bright tint.

A FRAGMENT.

All that now remains of that dream of bliss
 Is memory's curfew that ever tolls
For the unshrived wraith of a dear, dead kiss—
 The scoria of two young ship-wrecked souls.

MY BABY.

MAMMA TO FREDDIE CLARKE.

A little form in white array
Awakens me at break of day,
With merry laugh of music sweet
And pattering of dimpled feet,
And red lips fresh with dewy love,
And messages from Heaven above.
This little form with face so fair,
And gladsome eye and silken hair,
With sunshine floods my weary way,
And gives me courage day by day,
Though clouds grow black and winds blow chill,
I have my boy, my treasure, still.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A worthy offspring of great Mars thou wert,
Divinely planned and sent to us from God.
Jove placed his laurel crown upon thy brow,
And in thy hand the victor's Aaron-rod.
Day smiled upon imperial night and blessed thee,
The sun and earth took on a brighter hue,
The hour that ushered in thy birth and gave us
George Washington in 1792.
Thou grew in grace, thy nation's heart adored thee;
Fond mothers taught their sons to lisp thy name.
Forevermore while rolling Time endureth
Thy deeds shall live and light the book of fame.

WHERE HEAVEN LIES.

I've lost my way! I am astray!
O tell me, where is Heaven, pray?

"'Tis there!" the eager youth replies,
"High up in air, where all is fair,
And skies are blue and all things true,
There Heaven lies.
And if we try,
In worthy guise we each may rise
And gain admittance there,
Even you and I."

I am astray! I've lost my way!
Where, where is Heaven? Tell me, pray.

"Where youth and springtime hide
In the mocking blue of a woman's eyes,
There Heaven lies."
With years grown wise, old age replies,
"And there as well,
The gates of Hell
Swing wide,
And Life and Death abide."

THE GOD OF GREED.

O turgid and sodden usurper,
 O ravening scourge of the land,
Thy breath is a vapor of poison,
 And lep'rous the touch of thy hand.
Thy raiment is clotted and reddened
 With blood of the people, who cry
And writhe 'neath the knout of oppression,
 That thou mayest triumph on high.

With slime-dripping jaws far distended
 And yawning, insatiable maw,
Thou rendest the heart of the Nation,
 And mockest its God-given law;
Thy pathway is blazon'd with corpses,
 The dying make moan at thy feet;
Thou art gorged with the flesh of thy brother,
 Thou art God in thine own conceit.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WILLIE.

If God loves the good boys, Willie said
 As he rubbed his sore and battered head,
When they have a fight, I'd like to know
 Why he lets the bad boys lick 'em so.



THE GOD OF GREED.

THE PESSIMIST.

How can I sing you songs of gladness
When all I love is held in chain,
And all the world is full of sadness,
And ev'ry pleasure turns to pain?
The infant, waking, voices anguish,
Blight taints the rose ere it is blown;
Want-shackled, faith and courage languish,
The heart beats on though joy has flown;
The nightingale sings but of sorrow—
Woe! woe in all the land, he sees;
Hopes born to-day lie crushed to-morrow,
And Death rides ever on the breeze.
The summer sky by storm is riven—
No God gives ear or heeds our cry;
And where it lies and what is Heaven
We know not, though we live or die.

LOVE AND LAGER BEER.

Now the thing we call love is like lager beer,
Only good when it 's fresh on tap, I fear.
Out of cut-glass and silver of course it 's nice,
If you can afford it and have the price;
But you'll find any day when your purse is small
That from pewter it 's better than no beer at all.
The one thing important, and this is no "con,"
Is to get your drink quick, while the thirst is on.

LINCOLN.

Great chief of thy generation,
Of humble and obscure birth,
Carving thy name in the archives of fame
By the strength of thy noble worth:
Thy memory lives with the people,
Thy name is a household word;
And sire and son bless thy work begun
Where Liberty's voice is heard.

THE DOGS THAT BARK IN THE NIGHT.

Where do they come from? where do they go?
How do they live? does anyone know?
Shunning the broad, free light of day,
From corners dark and from alley-way,
They flit like shadows grim and gray,
And haunt the night on scent of prey,
Gliding like ghouls along the street
With maddened souls and restless feet,
They meet and snarl, and growl and fight,
The human dogs of the night.

AT LONG BRANCH.

1st Dude.—

What a rum-looking, vulgaw old cad,
That is on the beach, ovaw thai-r!
I wondaw where he got those togs—
They've a Baxtaw Stweet look, I declai-r!
'Pon my word, theah should be a law
Barring out such a horwid old jay,
From a swell hotel like this—
Who is he, any way?

2d Dude.—

Ya-as; he is a queah-looking Dick,
And from Baxtaw Stweet, as you say;
But he's wich as Cwœsus, my boy—
That's my father, that old jay!

A FACT.

Some folks are awfully stuck on themselves—
Now, I know a young sprig of Divinity;
If he ever strikes Heaven, at his own estimate,
He'll form a quartette of the Trinity.

DID IT PAY?

We scrimped and saved for weeks,
The family plate was sold;
My mother's eyes looked sad,
My father's face grew old.
But I went to the ball last night,
The gayest of the gay;
But somehow, now it's over,
I wonder—Did it pay?

EVIDENTLY NOT.

"Did you meet my friend the Countess,
While you were in London, Sir?"
"I often passed her carriage,
But saw very little of *her*."

"Ah, really! that's too bad!
She's a dream of loveliness!
It's plain you didn't see her
In the glory of 'full dress'."

"I'm very fond of you," he said.
She said, "Our tastes agree."
"Then you are fond of me," said he.
"No, of myself," said she.

"Send me a leg of mutton," she said,
Then added this timely warning:
"Let it be a leg from a coal-black sheep,
For we're all in the deepest mourning."

UNCERTAIN.

"The tickets were sent as compliments?"
"Why, certainly; didn't you know?"
"Well, yes; I rather thought so
Until I saw the 'Show'!"

They stood together on the dock.
Willie looked both grave and sage,
Then asked: "How old is a ship, pa,
When she is at anchor-age?"

Silver-dollar Jones has a silver-dollar floor,
Keeps a big saloon and has friends galore;
Master Jackie Jones, a little lad of six,
Is continually up to funny tricks.
Pointing to the stars, Jack said with a wink,
God's floor is like Pa's, upside down, I think.

Don't drink tea, my darling,
It will make you an old maid, Pet.
Why, Ma, you do and married twice,
And you're not an old maid yet.

I have lived and loved and suffered,
Quite in vain, yes, quite in vain.
Of my bright and heavenly vision,
All that's left me is the pain.
I had thought my lady faultless
As the angels are above;
On my knees I'd gone before her
And assured her of my love.
Now a nightmare seems upon me—
I have had a deadly blow:
For to-day she put on bloomers—
Holy Moses! what a show!

CHESTNUTS.

He said good-bye and left us,
For the far and distant West,
And we heard no more about him,
Till there came this strange request:
"Send me a wig!"
The wig was sent straightway,
And now we wait reply,
To know if he was married
Or scalped, before we cry.

An enthusiastic student
At Saturn took a look,
Through a tall and long-geared telescope,
His "notes" 'most filled his book.
Then he afterwards discovered
(His words I dare not quote)
He'd been watching a big headlight
On a crazy old steamboat.

Why is a nail when driven in tight,
Like one that is shaky and loose?
I give it up. Why is it, Jack?
Why, it's in-secure, you goose.

Why is my jack-knife, darling,
Like springtime in the glade?
I cannot tell. Why is it, dear?
'Cause the spring brings out the blade.

AND ANGELS WEPT.

He lay in a hospital ward—
 Both of his legs were off;
Besides he had consumption,
 And was dying with a cough.
A lady offered him a tract,
 He took it with a grin,
For he saw the tract was headed
 "Dancing is a Sin."

PIGEON ENGLISH.

"Are those pigeons tame?" the lady asked,
 And the small boy made reply,
"Tame 'nough to eat from your hand (when cooked)
 And that, ma'am, is no lie."

A GRAVE AFFAIR.

The sick man sighed "My love, my love,
 See that my grave is kept green."
"I will," the weeping wife replied,
 "No greener grave shall be seen."
"I'd do," he added, "as much for you,
 How gladly I cannot tell."——
But the tears froze up in the lady's eyes,
 And the husband—he got well.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Across the archives grand of long eventful years,
Of battles fought and won 'mid loud triumphal cheers,
We see Virginia fair, proud queen in point of worth,
Record the name and date of her young eaglet's birth:
Her son, who grown with time, true to his mother state,
Immortalized her name by deeds commemorate.
In seventeen seventy-six, his was the good right hand,
That hewed from granite waste, the rock on which we stand.
A rock so vast, so high, so firmly set in place
No foe may desecrate, no vandal dare deface.
First span of giant bridge, far reaching past our ken
The glory and the pride of free-born honest men,
A bridge with beacon lights that clearly point the way
That leads on step by step to broader, fuller day.
Great, wise, courageous soul that saw thy country's need,
Ye wrote inspired by God, Columbia's heaven-born creed;
All ages yet to come shall chronicle thy name,
The Fourth of each July add lustre to thy fame,
Where'er in honor's place we crown our sacred dead
A wreath of golden-rod shall bind thy noble head.

ODE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY GREETING.

To thee, whose name and fame age after age endears,
Across the mystic bridge that spans a hundred years,
Out from the golden dawn of a new century's day,
We stretch our grateful hands and joyous homage pay.
Thee, whose great heart inspired by mighty thought and deed,
Gave all and suffered all to meet thy Country's need,
Flashing a sword of flame, blessed by the heavens above,
Welded on freedom's forge, keen edged with patriot love,
Savior of liberty, at once her sire and son,
The coming Centuries hail our chief, George Washington.

Thy wisdom's fearless touch laid freedom's corner stone,
Whereon Columbia's power and affluence have grown;
Republics yet unborn shall venerate thy name;
Kingdoms and Empires rise to consecrate thy fame.
Wherever nations thrive, the drum beat and the bell,
Shall mingle with the breath of many an immortelle;
Each cycle shall renew with homage all unfeigned,
The laurels that thy brow benignantly sustained,
Nor time itself, shall tire to boast the marvel done
By thee, O foremost Chief of Chiefs, George Washington.

RHYMES, CHIMES AND JINGLINGS.

THE STORM KING.

In the gray sea sands
Ful-mi-na-tus stands
And points to the great Northlands.
Black grows the night,
Ships sink from sight,
And seagulls scream in fright;
The violet lightnings flash,
The rain-clouds thund'ring crash;
Below, in fathomless gloom
The mariner finds his tomb;
And mountain high
The salt waves fly,
And break in hissing foam;
The Ocean sinks in dread
Beneath the Storm King's tread;
And the Storm King cries,
As his baleful eyes
Burn through the lurid night:
"Behold! I am your King!
I'm Jove, the king of kings!
All Earth, all Heaven my will obey.
When lightnings flame,
And thunders ring,
My children are at play.
I'm Zeus, the god of gods,
The Great Storm King!"

FROM OUT OF THE PAST.

[By kind permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co., Publishers.]

From out of the past would you listen to me?
Would you pause for a moment and think of me?
Think of the days gone by;
Think with a laugh more than half a sigh,
Of that summer time when it was I
Who held in your heart the woman's place
'Tween your last love and your new.

From out of the past would you hasten to me?
If I called, would you come with greetings to me
As in the days gone by?
Did I whisper of Love, would your heart reply?
Would the old lovelight be in your eye?
I wonder and wait, and fear to ask—
I was only a leaf in your past.

I dare not ask—I only know
My heart is still with the long ago;
I would not forget, ah, no! ah, no!
I loved you so, I loved you so!
In the dear dead days of long ago.
I care not now what the ending be—
My love shall last through eternity;
My heaven, my all, I found in thee,
While my arms were around you
And yours held me.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

Paling light and setting sun,
Endless night when day is done,
Idle dreamings and songs unsung,
Palsied fingers and lute unstrung,
The shadows lie deep on a silent sea,
A chilling blast is borne to me;
Farewell, dead hope, farewell!
Farewell, bruised heart, farewell!
Farewell, farewell!

Behold! the ghost of a day long past;
Too late ye come, the die is cast!
The vine is withered, the wine cup dry,
The soul is wasted, and sightless the eye;
The pall is cast upon the tomb,
Thine own the hand to work thy doom.
Farewell, rash youth, farewell!
Farewell, mad love, farewell!
Farewell, farewell!

Why stand ye there, O Phantom Shade?
Thy shroud is done, thy grave is made.
Begone! begone! leave me alone.
I kneel in prayer, I would atone—
Hark! 'tis the sound of the signal bell:
What lies beyond? Ah, who can tell?
Farewell, O Life, farewell!
Farewell, O Death, farewell!
Farewell—farewell—farewell!

FOR THIS—FOR THIS.

By kind permission of G. Schirmer, Publisher.

[REGINALD DE KOVEN.]

Could I but fold you to my throbbing breast
And still the longing of its wild unrest,
Could I but press your yielding lips to mine,
Lips fresh and sweet with dew of love divine,
Could I but feel your soul meet mine and blend
In one long-ling'ring ecstacy of bliss,
Though it were death, I'd gladly die
For this—for this.

Could I but hold you in one mad embrace,
And see my love reflected in your face,
And feel your tender bosom heave and thrill,
And your heart answer my unspoken will,
Could I for one short hour call you mine,
And know the rapture of one perfect kiss,
Though it were death, I'd gladly die
For this—for this.

MY LITTLE GEISHA GIRL.

Enchanting maid of beauty rare,
With almond eye and ebon hair,
And velvet cheek of suntouched hue,
And freshest lips love ever knew;
A kiss I crave, a boon divine,
Let soul meet soul and intertwine.
Oh, tenderly about me cast
Your slender arms and hold me fast.

Ah, kiss me, sweet, until I feel
My trembling limbs and senses reel,
My voice grow dumb, my eyesight dim,
While heart and brain in rapture swim.
With Cupid's kiss naught can compare,
And for that kiss all things I'd dare!
Touch but my lips and with a sigh,
In ecstasy, oh, let me die!

MADELINE.

[*By kind permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co., Publishers.*]

My days are long without you, Madeline,
My heart is filled with a ceaseless pain,
By day, by night, in dreams I see you still,
But waking proves those dreams are vain.
Could I but hold your hand again in mine,
And gaze in the mystic depths of your calm eyes,
My life—my all—I would lay them at your feet,
And humbly kneeling, for one word of hope entreat.
Ah! Love divine. Ah! peerless Madeline.

When the day in violet glory ends,
And the birds unto their nests have flown,
When Love is hiding in each fragrant flow'r,
And evening stars gleam one by one,
Down by the brookside where I met you first
I linger through the twilight's shadowy hour,
And I breathe a prayer to Him who rules above,
That He will guard and shield you with His tender love,
And sometime He will bring you back to me.

GYPSY LULLABY.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
In thy mossy greenwood nest,
Lulled by balsam-laden zephyrs
Into calm and peaceful rest.
Twilight shadows creep about thee,
Nature woos thee to repose.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
Sleep, my beautiful wild red rose.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Hear the swaying blue-bells ring.
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
All the Fairies dance and sing.
Every tiny leaf and blossom
Hides a merry laughing sprite;
Pucks and Pixies, Nymphs and Dryads,
Guard my treasure through the night.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Silv'ry stars through tree-tops twinkle;
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Love peeps from each periwinkle.
And my baby sleeps, my baby sleeps.
She sleeps, my baby sleeps, she sleeps.
Tinkle, tinkle, sleeps, tinkle, tinkle, sleeps,
She sleeps, my baby sleeps, sleeps.

THE WEE LITTLE WIZARD THAT CONJURES THE WINE.

There's a merry little demon, mischief mad—
He's as aged as the world is grey and sad.
But of Time there is no trace
On his saucy elfish face.
And he seems as young as Springtime and as glad.
He's as subtile as the Circe was of old;
He will lure from you your senses and your gold;
But you'll never make complaint,
You will swear that he's a saint,
Though he gives you pains and headaches manifold.

REFRAIN.

He's the laughing little devil that dwells in the glass,
The seductive little brewer of modern hippocras.
Half human, half divine,
All worship at his shrine,
The wee little wizard that conjures the wine.

Dancing on each airy bubble, light and gay,
You will find this tiny goblin at his play;
And he'll help you to forget
All the troubles that beset
And torment and worry you throughout the day.
'Neath his rosy finger tips, Love wakes and smiles,
And with honey-laden breath your soul beguiles.
Red lips part with trembling sigh,
Passion flowers bloom and die,
And you lose your wit and wisdom by his wiles.

BONNY EYES OF MYSTIC BLUE.

Eyes of blue, eyes so true,
Eyes like violets wet with dew,
Heaven's own tint of azure hue,
I dream of you, I sigh for you,
By day, by night, I die for you.
Eyes of blue, eyes so true,
With tender soul light shining through.
Ah, sweetest eyes I ever knew—
My life, my all, I give to you.
Bid me not die but live for you.

Eyes so bright, eyes of light,
Eyes like luminous stars at night,
A pledge I ask, a token slight,
I crave the right, the sacred right,
To be your humble chosen knight.
Eyes of light, eyes so bright,
Be gentle in your regal might.
Let me find favor in your sight.
Turn not my joy to endless night,
But with a smile my love requite.

Bonny eyes of mystic blue,
Bonny eyes so good and true,
Turn not away in coldness, pray,
Nor bid me go unheeding.
Eyes of liquid light divine,
Eyes I kneel to as a shrine,
Be mine, blue eyes, be mine—be mine!
For love and life I'm pleading.

I LOVE THEE SO.

Music by Reginald de Koven.

I love thee so, that for thy sake,
No law of man but I would break.
I love thee with such fervent flame
That angels fear such love to name.
They deem it wise to turn the head
Lest they might in my footsteps tread,
And learn of me what joy may be
In loving, dear, as I love thee.

I love thee so, though thou wert dead,
And earth piled high above thy head,
My love would force an entrance through,
My soul warm thine to life anew ;
My heart would throb till thine awoke ;
My lips would cling till thy lips spoke.
Ah, joyous sin, if sin it be,
In loving, dear, as I love thee !

THE MOUNTAIN LOVED THE DEW.

VENETIAN LOVE SONG.

O lovely torment! fairest of all things that live,
Come to my arms! no safer couch fond heart can give.
Rest thou thy head, with all its sylvan gleam,
Upon thy lover's breast, and dream, love, dream!

REFRAIN.

Dream, love, dream! my soul's delight and pain!
Dream, love, dream, and waking, dream again!
Dream, love, of love—my love, thy love, our love!
Love is all the gods can give of Heaven above!

Elusive maiden—opalescent rosmarine,
With coral crown and robes of trailing seaweed green!
Breath of the sea—o'er briny depth supreme,
Rest on my rugged breast, and dream, love, dream.

SLUMBERLAND ISLES.

When the lilac curtains of night are swung,
And countless lanterns in heav'n are hung;
When the day is ended with all its jar,
I hie me to dreamland isles afar;
In silence I drift o'er a mystic sea,
My soul seems to float in ecstasy;
I sleep and awake in a realm of bliss,
'Mid lotus buds born of Cupid's kiss.
Oh! Slumberland Isles is a kingdom fair,
And Love's the goddess who ruleth there.

There are forests and meadows green and gold,
And rivers and mountains manifold;
There are courts and castles beyond compare,
And caskets of jewels rich and rare;
But the priceless treasure of all to me,
Is the face that haunts my memory,
And a fancied look in the eyes divine
That tells me a true heart answers mine.
Oh! Slumberland Isles is a kingdom fair,
And Love's the goddess who ruleth there.

LOVE'S FIRST SWEET KISS.

Out of that mystic realm where hearts abound,
And it is Love that makes the world go round,
An echo reached me like a sigh of bliss;
It was—that is, I think it was—a kiss.
Just an honest love-kiss, that's the kind I mean,
When the man is twenty and the girl sixteen.

REFRAIN.

Gay and merry laughter,
Happy careless song,
Warm and ardent passion,
Manly, true and strong.
Sly and tender glances,
Pretty little Miss
Finds how quite delightful
Is love's first sweet kiss.

The song that lovers sing can ne'er grow old!
Hearts touched by Eros have a charm untold;
On earth there is no greater joy than this:
A well directed and successful kiss;
Thriiling, burning love kiss, that's the kind I mean,
When the man is twenty and the girl sixteen.

A VOTRE SANTÉ.

Laugh and be merry, drink and be jolly,
A fact I will tell you,
And you'll find it true;
There's no use in sighing and fretting and crying,
For life is too short to give up to the blues.
So drink and get mellow, be a jolly good fellow,
Fill up the glass, boys, and never refuse.

CHORUS.

Laugh and be merry, ha-ha, ha-ha,
Drink and be jolly, ho-ho, ho-ho,
Let us laugh, ha-ha, let us drink, ho-ho,
Laugh and forget all the cares we know.

Laugh and be merry, drink and be jolly,
And here is a toast
To the girl we love most:
May good luck attend her and fortune befriend her,
And may she live happy, contented and blest.
So fill up the glass, boys, and drink to the lass, boys!
Here's to the one girl we each love the best!



A VOTRE SANTÉ.

"LOVE'S QUEST."

Suggested by a poem with the above title, a variation of Percy's "The Friar of Orders Gray."

(FATHER ABBE.)

Praise ye the Lord, exalt His fame,
Adore and glorify His name.

(CHANT BY MONKS.)

Eternal fountain head of light,
Supreme, yet tender, is Thy might.
Parent and giver of all good,
Credendum of our Brotherhood,
Almighty Father, Holy Son,
In Heaven, on Earth, Thy will be done;
Give us this day Thy blessing sweet
And guide aright our erring feet.
Teach us humility and love,
And lift our thoughts to things above;
Send us a sign, that we may know
The path once trod by St. Armo;
And make us strong of heart and limb,
True, worthy followers of Him;
And when our span of life is o'er,
Have mercy on us, we implore.

FULL CHORUS.

With rosy lips and balmy breath
The dewy morn awakens day,
And from the swaying ilex branch
The mavis pipes his roundelay.
All hail, all hail with glad acclaim
This happy anniversary.
Thrice blessed be St. Armo's name!
The most devout of Friars gray,
All hail, all hail the festive day,
The happy anniversary
Of St. Armo! * * *
Stand by! speak low,
Due heed and reverence show.
With measured tread and footsteps slow
The holy Monks to matins go,
While yonder, just across the way,
The Convent Sisters come to pray.
God rest the soul of St. Armo,
The righteous St. Armo.
From near and far the country round
The peasantry are flocking in;
With joy the echoing hills resound,
And help augment the merry din.
But stay! who comes this way?
A goodly youth he doth appear,
And one unknown to fear;
But why such haste, and why so pale,
And why so rusty is his mail?
By some dire need he's shod, I ween;
Such speed as his is seldom seen.

TENOR.

Where,
Where is she, my lady fair?

CHORUS.

Where,
Where is she, his lady fair?

TENOR.

Yes, yes, my lady dear.
Is she not here?

CHORUS.

Thy lady fair! thy lady dear!
How should we know if she be here?

TENOR.

Waste not the time, but say
Hath she passed by this way?

CHORUS.

And if she passed this way
How should we know her, pray?

TENOR.

By her matchless charms, forsooth,
By the radiance of her youth;
She is fairer than the day;
Hast seen her pass this way?

CHORUS.

No lady fairer than the day,
And radiant, as ye say,
Hath passed this way—
Nay, she passed not this way.

TENOR.

She hath a form of perfect mold,

And hair of palest tint of gold,
And eyes like violets in May;
Hast seen her pass this way?

CHORUS.

A lady fair beyond compare,
With eyes like violets in May,
Hast any seen such maid, to-day?
No, no such maid hath passed this way.

TENOR.

Her brow is white as mountain snow,
Upon her cheek blush-roses glow,
From out her gentle eyes of blue
A heav'nly soul-light shineth through,
Her smile is tender, pure and sweet—
Tell me, didst thou my lady meet?
Answer without delay,
Hast seen her pass this way?

CHORUS.

Answered we have, thou lovesick swain;
Why ask again?
We tell thee that thy lady dear
Hath not passed here.
If she be lost, another choose;
Lightly love and lightly lose;
Perchance there be, if thou but see,
Other maids as fair as she.
If thou wilt join us in our sport,
New games we'll set.
Abide with us awhile;
We'll teach thee to forget.

TENOR.

Nay, nay, not so! ye've little guessed
The grief that's hidden in this breast.
No joy, no peace can enter there
Until I've found my lady fair.
Once more I ask ye, dwells she here,
The lady I love so dear?

CHORUS.

We once saw a lady fair
With sunlight in her hair;
She rode a palfrey white,
By her side was a noble knight;
She bent her proud young head
To catch the words he said;
Like the flowers at her feet,
Was the lady, young and sweet,
And blue were her eyes
As the azure skies.

TENOR.

Stay! that was not my lady fair,
That was the false Lodair,
And that was Rupert at her side,
Who leaves at home a weeping bride;
Much fairer is my love to view,
And my love is both good and true.

CHORUS.

We saw a funeral train pass here,
A maiden lay upon the bier,
Her hands were crossed upon her breast,
Deep and dreamless was her rest;

Could that thy lady be, think ye—
Grown aweary waiting thee?

TENOR.

That was not my lady, no!
She would never leave me so!
She would conquer Death for me;
Somewhere she still waits, I know.
For thy games I have no heart;
Here she's not, I will depart.

CHORUS.

Away, away!
We will not stay;
Our friendship he refuses,
And for a maiden's fickle smile
Good fellowship he loses.
Away, away! waste no more time,
The day is far advancing,
The nut-brown ale is passing round,
And merry feet are dancing.
The hour is made for joy,
Not for despair.
We wot not of the lady fair,
Nor for her fortune do we care.
Yet stay thee, love-lorn youth!
A Sister draweth near;
Pour forth thy sorrow in her ear;
Mayhap she's seen thy lady dear;
Perchance, we say,
She may
Have seen thy lady dear. [*Enter Soprano.*]

TENOR.

O Holy Sister, stay thee!
I pray thee tell to me
If by the sacred altar
My love has bent the knee.

SOPRANO.

How should I know thy love, my son,
From any other one?

TENOR.

She was as an angel fair;
None with her could compare.

SOPRANO.

Many have knelt in prayer,
Many maidens young and fair.

TENOR.

She was like no other one,
She was radiant as the sun.

SOPRANO.

I met a maiden wond'rous fair,
With glinting sunlight in her hair,
And eyes of heaven's own blue;
Her hand was as a lily white,
Her footstep as a fairy's light;
Her heart was kind and true,
Her cheeks with roses were aglow,
Her brow was pure as virgin snow,
Her voice was low and sweet,
Her smile was tender and sincere,
A gentle maid she did appear,
One pious and discreet.

TENOR.

'Tis she! 'tis she, my lady fair!
Where is she, Sister? tell me where.
Quick! take me there.

SOPRANO.

I can but take you to her grave;
For she, alas, is dead.
A crucifix is on her breast,
A stone is at her head.
Long in the convent cell
She languished, and she died
Lamenting for her love,
Regretting foolish pride;
A word once lightly said
Had grieved her true love sore.
He turned and rode away;
She never saw him more!
And now she's dead and gone—
No more she'll weep and wait.
If it be she ye seek,
Then ye have come too late.
Within the kirk-yard wall,
Her white hands on her breast,
Beneath a willow tall
She lies at rest.

TENOR.

My love, my gentle love, if thou art dead,
Then bitter is my doom;
No more care I for life—
I'll join thee in the tomb!

SOPRANO.

O say not so, thou mournful youth;
The sun will shine again.

TENOR.

The blighted rose revives not,
By neither sun nor rain.

SOPRANO.

Joy follows grief,
And sorrow hath its day.

TENOR.

Ebon locks once bleached by pain,
Remain forever gray.

SOPRANO.

But love will come again;
Thy life is but begun.

TENOR.

No star can lure the eye
That once hath seen the sun.

SOPRANO.

And wilt thou surely die
For love of this one maid?

TENOR.

I go to join my love
In the great land of shade.

SOPRANO.

But were the maiden here
What would she say to thee?

TENOR.

This she would say to me:
In life, in death, I'm thine
Throughout eternity.

SOPRANO.

What wouldst thou say to her
Should she rise from her bier?

TENOR.

Kneeling at her dear feet
I'd say: Love, I am here.

SOPRANO (*aside*).

True love, kindled by Heaven's breath,
Is stronger than life or death.
(*To Tenor*) Arise, Sir Knight, and look again,
And brush away thy tears;
Beneath the Sister's gown of gray
Thy own true love appears.
My year of grace, most haply,
Has not yet passed away.
Now that I find my Knight is true,
No longer will I stay.

CHORUS —The Sister's robe is cast aside,
The golden curls no longer hide,
And footsteps trip like fairy's light,
And small hands gleam like snowflakes white;
With voice all tender, low and sweet,
She comes her Love to greet.
From out her eyes of azure blue
A steadfast soul-light shineth through;
Upon her faithful lover's breast
Her golden head finds rest.
True love that is born of Heaven's breath,
Is stronger than life, and conquers death!
And hearts once touched by its holy flame,
Will e'er remain the same.

THE MARRIAGE OF MOSES.

SCENE I.

[JETHRO, the Midianite Priest, is often referred to as Reuel or Raguel. He was a descendant of Midian, son of Abraham, and although an Arab, he is supposed to have retained some of his forefathers' religion, which explains the allusions to God among his people.]

JETHRO

(*recitative*)

Are the slaves of the household of Reuel assembled?

CHORUS.

Even so! Peace to the house of the Midianite priest!

JETHRO

(*recitative*)

'Tis well! now will I, as the sun breaks in the east,
Petition make for safe convoy of man and beast;
Then duly giving thanks for gracious gifts received,
To each and all his daily task I will assign!
My craftsmen, westward go, to hew in stone and wood,
And fashion a high wall to hold the lowing kine;
You shaggy men, with staves, the camels shall attend;

Shepherds and goatherds, take your crooks, set
faces south.
See to it danger comes not near the flock or herd,
And that they suffer not from hunger or from
drought.
To four-and-twenty of my skilful female slaves,
And twelve bondwomen, trained and of the inner
house,
I give the task of cooking and preparing food;
As many more in serving wine shall be of use.
And now away!
With song begin the day.

CHORUS.

The day awakes! the day is ours!
We live—it is enough! What do we fear?
To-day is ours—live well to-day,
Whilst yet we have it here.
Welcome we'll give it, and good cheer,
And bid it stay;
If we do use it well—
Ah, who can tell?
Perhaps it may.
Then banish tears, forget all sorrow;
To God alone belongs to-morrow.

CHORUS OF MALE VOICES.

Rejoice! in gold the sun doth rise,
Lift your glad eyes on high,
Look ever upward, and be wise;

Beyond the dark Arabian skies
The Land of Promise lies,
And life to him who dies.

FULL CHORUS.

Go we now forth afar to toil
And tread the burning sand,
Yet are we glad;
Jethro is just, his service light,
Gentle his hand,
And fertile is his land.
Our eyes are wells grown dry;
No need have we to sigh,
Small reason to be sad;
For when our day is o'er,
And we return footsore,
Revived we are with wine and oil
And fruit in goodly store.
Then banish tears, forget all sorrow;
Live well to-day, to God entrust to-morrow!

SISTERS

(*to Jethro their father*)

Father, thy daughters come thy blessing to receive,
And hear and heed whatever counsel thou mayest give.

JETHRO.

Peace be with you, my children, and abide with you;
Join your young voices in a song of praise,
Then to the fountain go and draw the crystal flood,
And comfort give our flocks that nearby graze.

ZIPPORAH.

Sisters, come! the sun rides high;
The hours, they are flying;
Whilst yet we linger here, perhaps
Some feeble lamb is dying.

SISTERS
(*in chorus*)

As we set forth
Our journey to perform,
Pray we to Midian's God
To keep us from all harm.
Long may He reign,
His kingdom long endure;
In Him the Arab puts his trust
And rests secure.

ZIPPORAH.

Look up, about, and lo! behold
How beautiful it is!
On land, on sea, above, below,
All things are His.

SISTERS
(*in chorus*)

All things are His, and we are His,
And therefore are we glad;
When life is but begun, and hearts are young,
The world with light seems clad;
So singing to the well we go,
To fill the troughs until they overflow.

SCENE II.

WANDERING SHEPHERDS.

A green and cooling spot this doth appear,
We'll stay our steps awhile and rest us here.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Look ye! a train of maidens comes this way.
(*to sisters*)
Turn back! begone! the well is ours to-day.

ZIPPORAH.

Nay! we will not turn back;
Here will we stay
And fill the troughs
And call the flock to drink, straightway.

SHEPHERDS.

Away! Begone, we say.

SISTERS.

Help! help! Is no one near?
Will none give ear?

SHEPHERDS
(*attacking sisters*)

We will not brook delay.
Begone, we say.

SISTERS.

O spare us, Shepherds! spare us, pray;
We will obey.

MOSES
(*waking up near well*)

Dream I? or do I hear
Maiden voices raised in fear?

MOSES
(*fighting with shepherds*)

Smite ye I will;
If needs be I will kill!
So, bite the dust;
Your punishment is just.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Cease the strife!
Escape whilst ye have life!

MOSES
(*to Zipporah*)

Maiden, the way is clear;
Thou and thy sisters may draw near.
Go, rest ye yonder where the stream begins,
The while I fill your gourds and waterskins.

ZIPPORAH (*aside*).

He hath the courage of a lion in his glance.

SISTERS
(*to Moses*

Grateful are we for our deliverance.

ZIPPORAH
(*aside, looking at Moses*)

Ne'er yet did I behold
A man so bold.

MOSES
(*aside, looking at Zipporah*)

A stately maiden, full of grace,
In truth she hath a noble face.

SISTERS

(*to Moses*)

Stay thee, and at this place remain;
To-morrow we will come again.

SCENE III.

JETHRO

(*seeing sisters return*)

What miracle hath brought ye home so soon?
The sun but barely marks the hour of noon.

SISTERS.

Father, the Shepherds came
And sorely on us fell,
When an Egyptian rose
And drove them from the well;
And then it was his will
Our waterskins to fill,
Which being done,
He sped us on our way
Whilst yet the sun
Was high and young the day.

JETHRO.

What! and did ye not
Bid him break bread with us to-day?
Return before too late,
And bring this man within your father's gate.

SCENE IV.

ZIPPORAH

(*returning to Moses with Sisters*)

Our father, when he heard of thy brave deed,
Commanded us to hasten back with speed;

His will it is this night ye rest
Within his gate an honored guest;
And that your footsteps may not go astray,
I and my sisters will direct the way.

MOSES
(*following sisters*)

No will have I but to obey,
When guides so fair
Point out the way.

SCENE V.

SISTERS
(*bringing Moses to Jethro*)

Father, behold the brave Egyptian
That on the Shepherds fell,
And beat them down and overcame them,
And drove them from the well.

JETHRO
(*aside, looking at Moses*)

A kingly youth he doth appear,
As one born to command;
A lofty thought sits on his brow;
Strong seems his good right hand.

(*Addressing Moses*)

Approach, Egyptian, and draw near,
That I may lay
My hand upon thee, and my blessing give:
A father's heart thou hast made glad to-day,
And grateful he will be whilst he shall live.

MOSES.

Good father, Moses is my name;
An Israelite am I.
My race by Egypt is oppressed;
From Pharaoh I fly.
Now wander I o'er beds of barren sand,
Homeless, a stranger in a foreign land.
If whilst I paused beside the well for rest
I rendered thee a service, I am blessed.

JETHRO.

No greater service could there be
Than serving those beloved of me;
And as thou art a Hebrew born,
And of a kindred race,
I would that thou remain with me,
And in my household find a place.

MOSES.

Thy speech is plain and fair,
And fair I'll answer thee:
If as my wife this beauteous maid
Thou wilt bestow on me,
Then will I stay and on thy flocks attend,
And lend my strength thy household to defend.
(*Aside*) By simple maid I ne'er was so undone
As I have been whilst gazing on this one.
Bright are her eyes,
And warm as April skies,
And in their purple depth
My consolation lies,

MOSES
addressing Jethro)

Yet, Jethro, she must come to me
Of her free will, and not reluctantly.

JETHRO
to Zipporah)

Daughter, look thou upon this man
That so well succored thee,
And say if thou his willing bride wouldst be.

ZIPPORAH (*coyly*).

Father, a modest maid am I,
And would be a discreet;
Tell me, should I bestow my heart
On the first man I meet?

JETHRO.

Nay, Zipporah! Jest not, I pray.
But say
Wouldst be the wife of Moses?
Answer truthfully.

ZIPPORAH.

Father, my cheeks are red with shame
That it be so;
Yet to this Hebrew youth
I willingly would go.

JETHRO.

Then take her, Moses;
I entrust her to thy care.
Now will I go a festival
To order and prepare,

MOSES
(*addressing Zipporah*)

As a bright star in a dark firmament
Will rise and part the clouds of night
And guidance give to shipwrecked mariners,
So hast thou risen on my sight
And filled me with delight.
Thy father gives thee unto me;
My bride thou art to be,
And if thy lips speak truly,
Thy heart inclines toward me;
Yet I would have thee
Say it o'er again,
And to my understanding
Make it plain.

ZIPPORAH
(*to Moses*)

Moses, I know not what it be,
But there is that within my heart
Which says to me
That I do well
To put my trust in thee.
And if so be thou wilt remain
And here abide,
I'll serve thee faithfully
And be thy willing bride.

MOSES AND ZIPPORAH (*duet*).

The house of Moses,
And of Reuel,

Breaks on our sight.
 Here shall the Hebrew dwell,
And tend the flocks,
 And guard the well.
His faith we will adopt,
 To his God will we pray,
The Holy and Eternal One,
 Now, ever and alway.

AT THE ETERNAL GATE.

SOPRANO.

I faint! I am astray!
I do not know my way.
Open, and let me in, I pray.

BASS.

Who comes with sorrows to relate
E'en at high Heaven's sacred gate?

SOPRANO.

'Tis I, a new born soul, all free from sin.
Open, good Master! let me in.

BASS.

Nay, that I may not do.
A mission has been given you,
And earthward you must go,
To battle with the foe,
Be tried and tested,
And if proven true,
Then here return
And knock
And I will ope the gate
And let you through.

CHORUS.

If proven true,
You shall return and knock,
And he will let you through.

SOPRANO.

Alas, if this be so,
I go—
But for one moment, Master, stay!

Ere I begin the fight,
But turn the key
A very little, till I see
One gleam of that celestial light
That floods eternity.

BASS.

Turbulent, restless, longing heart,
You have your wish.
Depart!

CHORUS.

Turbulent, restless, longing heart,
You have your wish.
Depart,
And earthward wing your flight!
With that bright gleam of heavenly light
Still lingering in your eyes,
Go, strive and win the prize.

SOPRANO *(returning after many years.)*

Dark, dark, all dark!
I cannot see my way.
I faint, I bleed, I die.
Is there no shelter, pray?

BASS.

What shelter seek you, tearful one?
Why do you lie and moaning cry?
What have you done?

SOPRANO.

That have I done which I now mourn
And bitterly repent.

With Heaven's light within my eyes
To earth I went
And lost my soul for love.
So pure and sweet a thing it seemed
I gave my all, and little dreamed
That I was doing wrong;
Until, alas, too late I woke
And found it was the Tempter spoke.

BASS.

Full many dream such love will last,
And wake to find it past.

SOPRANO.

Like some wild and affrighted dove,
Bereft of song,
I blindly beat my wings
And long to soar above.
But I have missed the way;
I am astray!
Lost, lost, lost, lost am I;
I dare not even pray.

BASS.

No! say not so,
For to the truly penitent,
Forgiveness has been sent.

SOPRANO.

New light appears.

BASS.

Rise! dry your tears!
Go once again and wait
Beside the sacred gate

And pray—
Pray earnestly.

SOPRANO.

Joy! joy! At last,
Free from my sin,
I hear the Master say "Come in."

CHORUS.

Joy! joy! At last, free from her sin,
She hears the Master say "Come in."
O joy! O joy! the gate swings wide
To let the penitent inside.
Joy! joy! she enters in,
A new life to begin.

AN ACROSTIC.

Ah, bright the girl I here immortalize,
Like gladsome sunshine dropped from April skies!
In her all the graces meet!
Charms with counter charms compete!
Each day she grows more precious in our eyes;

Without the slightest doubt she is a prize,
In fact, they say, *the* pebble of great size!
She's 'It' for fair, for beauty she's immense!
Each girl beside her looks like thirty cents.

A SONG OF REVELRY.

[*To the Editor of "The Dramatic News."*]

Around the wassail bowl we stand,
Our polished tankards gleaming,
And from each oft-replenished cup
The ruddy wine is steaming.
Our cheeks are flushed, our eyes are bright,
Each heart with joy is bounding,
And through the chill and nipping air
Wild revelry is sounding!
And Bacchus smiles above—
Bacchus, the god we love.

CHORUS.

Drink! drink! drink!
Drink once again! and after.
Each glass is fraught with joy and bliss,
Mad love and madder laughter—
Then drain the cup, and drain again,
Forget all care and trouble!
The man who sees life through the glass
Sees pleasure ofttimes double.

O merry men are we, and true!
A merry life we follow:
Sometimes we find our stomachs full,
Mayhap next day most hollow;

But if we fast, or if we feast,
No trouble do we borrow;
We dip our nose in Gascon wine
And laugh at care and sorrow,
And Bacchus smiles above—
Bacchus, the knave we love.

WORLD WEARY.

[A VARIATION OF THE PESSIMIST.]

How can I sing you songs of gladness
When all I love is held in chain,
And all the world is full of sadness,
And ev'ry pleasure turns to pain?
The infant, waking, voices anguish,
Blight taints the rose ere it is blown;
Want-shackled, faith and courage languish,
The heart beats on though joy has flown;

The nightingale sings but of sorrow—
Woe! woe in all the land, he sees;
Hopes born to-day lie crushed to-morrow,
And Death rides ever on the breeze.
Dear heart, could you and I at sunrise,
Like fresh-voiced skylarks, upward fly,
We'd seek the land where light and love lies,
And dwell forever there on high.

MAGIC PICTURES IN THE GRATE.

[By kind permission of HENRY J. WEHMAN, Publisher.]

I'm an old gray-headed man. I've seen fourscore
years and ten,
And for me the sands of life are nearly run;
But my heart is young and gay,
As I sit at close of day,
And watch my little grandchild at his play.
And when he's safe in bed, as he always is at
eight,
Still I sit and idly dream and smoke my pipe,
And in the firelight's fitful glow
I see pictures come and go,
And dear familiar faces in the grate.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'm very old and feeble,
And the hour is growing late,
Yet still I feel that life is sweet to me,
As I sit at close of day,
In the twilight shadows gray,
And watch the magic pictures in the grate.

I can see myself a child, full of health and spirits
wild,
In a quiet, peaceful, old New England home;
My mother, too, is there,
Sitting in her high-back chair—
And teaching me my little evening prayer;

And then again I see, down a lane, a rustic gate ;
There's a schoolhouse in the distance, far away ;
The little child is grown a boy,
Full of manly pride and joy—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.

Once again there comes a change, and the boy is now a man,
He has gone to make his fortune in the world ;
Working hard with little play,
He has met success half-way,
I see him going home on New Year's Day.
The blue-eyed girl he loves, she is waiting at the gate,
And she says the little 'yes' he wants to hear ;
Then, with pomp and much display,
Comes a wedding party gay—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.

Then I see a house in town, with a green and shady lawn,
And some merry, happy children at their play,
And the father, too, is there
With a furrowed face of care,
And the mother with blue eyes and sunny hair.
The man is growing old, but he murmurs not at fate;
Though the trials of life weigh heavy on him now,

He goes ahead with all his might,
And he sees things coming right—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.

Still again I see the man, he is feeble, old and gray,
He has given up the busy cares of life,
And he sits at close of day,
Seeing pictures sad and gay,
Where the shadows with the glowing embers play.
The fire is burning low, and the hour is very late,
Still he sits and idly dreams the dreams I see,
With fading eyes fast growing blind,
Yet at peace with all mankind—
I see this old man dying in the grate.

ENCORE VERSES.

Here a gallant ship appears riding in a stormy sea,
And a young man and his bride are on the deck;
Suddenly there comes a shock,
The brave ship has struck a rock,
And wind and waves wild human death-cries mock.
Like demons incarnate, frenzied, mad and desperate,
Men and women shrieking sink beneath the tide.
'Tis a long and fearful strife,
But the young man saves his wife—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.

Now it is a cottage home on a starlit winter's night,
And a pretty boy lies fast asleep in bed;
All at once there comes a shout,
Thin gray smoke is all about,
And the fire bells are wildly ringing out.
Where danger is most great, praying not to be too late,
See the father rushing in to save his child.
He nears—he reaches—it is done,
He has saved his little son—
These are pictures that I see in the grate.

EXULT YE IN THE LORD.

[CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Music by MANUEL KLEIN.]
[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

Exult ye in the Lord, praise ye His name to-day,
Let heaven and earth united resound with melody.
Cry aloud and be glad, give greetings and good cheer!
The world shall be delivered, the Son of God is here.
Awake, rise up, rejoice, the yule-tide feast prolong.
All hail the festive moment, with thanksgiving and song;
Welcome the holy Babe! loud, long hosannas sing;
Let merry joy-bells, ringing, proclaim the Christ-child king.



STAND BY OLD GLORY.

Stand by Old Glory, cherish her story,
No prouder flag flutters, and none half so true!
Bright emblem of freedom and justice and wisdom:
America's own honest Red, White and Blue.
Then we'll follow our banner in a brave loyal manner,
And go where she leads us and treason subdue.

CHORUS.

Stand by Old Glory—the blue—the gray!
Honor her story—hurra—hurra—
Let her wave—hurra!
O'er the brave—hurra!
Wave o'er the brave forever and aye.

Up and be ready! hearts staunch and steady!
Our eagle and ensign on land and on sea.
Where wrong and oppression are crushing a nation
There we Yankees will plant the flag of the free!
And defy all creation to assail her high station—
The star spangled emblem of sweet Liberty!

O THOU MOST HOLY GOD.

ANTHEM.

O Thou most holy God, Sovereign, Omnipotent,
 Creator of mankind and Giver of all good,
We love thee, we adore, we glorify Thy name,
 We gather here today in Christian brotherhood.
We come with songs of praise and hearts attuned
 to joy.
 The infant Christ, our Lord, has been received
 on earth ;
Joy to the world He brings, peace and good-will
 to man ;
 Thrice blessed be the day and hour that gave
 Him birth.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O tell us the old sweet story,
 How the little babe Jesus came
From His home of light and glory
 And taught us to love His Name !
How a bright Star rose in Heaven
 And beamed on his pathway to Earth !
Of the benediction given
 When God's infant Son had birth !
Tell the joyful news this day brings
 Of Christ's love that shall save us all !
Shout aloud the wond'rous tidings
 Till they echo through court and hall !
Set the merry glee bells ringing !
 Welcome Christmas with one accord !
Let the whole world join in singing
 Hosannas to our dear Lord.

THE RIVERSIDE GRAVE.

By Riverside Drive,
In a corner lone,
Is a small child's grave,
'Neath a crumbling stone;
A low rusty fence
Marks the hallowed square;
And many the feet
That go wand'ring there.

The years they come, the years they go,
The winter storms, the summer rains,
All else is lost, all else forgot,
The grave alone remains.

Just beyond Grant's tomb,
Where men come to gaze
And to speak a word
In the hero's praise,
Is this modest grave
With its humble clay,
The inscription dim,
Weather-stained and gray.

Though by man forgot,
On the last great day
God will find the babe
In His own sweet way.
Earthly pomp and show
Will be worth no more
Than the child's young soul
On the Heavenly shore.

BRIGHT STAR OF LOVE.

[By kind permission of WILLIS WOODWARD & Co., Publishers.]

Celestial star, bright queen of night,
Look down on me from yon far height,
Flood thou my soul with light divine,
And on my path forever shine.
Sweet mystic star, that I adore,
I kneel to thee, to thee implore,
Give me but hope, a pledge—a sign
That some day I may call thee mine.

REFRAIN.

My life, O star, I give to thee ;
Hear thou my prayer, and answer me.
I could not live from thee apart—
'Twould break my heart, 'twould break my heart.

When sunset fades and day has fled,
And twilight tints burn dim and dead,
Cold grows my heart with doubt and fear
Until I see thy face appear.
When storms arise and clouds are dark,
And tempests toss my fragile barque,
To thee I turn my longing eyes—
Thy smile illumes the troubled skies.

Light of my life, O radiant star,
I worship thee, though from afar,
For thee my heart with love o'erflows,
Feeds on its flame and bolder grows.

By night, by day, I dream of thee ;
In every flower thy face I see ;
Bright star of hope—ah, love divine,
Proud, peerless queen, be mine, be mine.

THE GIRL WHO'LL BE MY WIFE.

[By kind permission of CHICAGO MUSIC CO.]

She is not so awfully handsome,
She is not so awfully wise,
But her voice is full of music
And there's love-light in her eyes.
She is happy and contented,
And she makes the best of life ;
She's the girl I love, boys,
The girl who'll be my wife.

CHORUS.

Good little, true little Mary Jane,
Honest as the day is long ;
She is the kind of girl that keeps
A man from going wrong.

She is not a very grand lady,
She has not a long pedigree ;
Her parents are poor but worthy,
And that's enough for me.
I can trust her and believe her,
She'll be faithful all her life ;
She's the girl for me, boys,
The girl who'll be my wife.

THE CRUISER.

We have sailed o'er many a sea,
In many a port we've anchored,
We've sampled many kinds of brew
In many a good old tankard.
From the frozen breast
Of the great Nor'west,
Where all is chill and icy,
To the balmy South,
With its scarlet mouth
And breath all warm and spicy,
We have sailed away
For many a day,
And many a trophy gathered,
Many a tempest we've outrode
And many a storm we've weathered.

We've faced perdition many times,
And defied death in our madness,
The demon-hiss of battling waves
Filled our reckless hearts with gladness;
We're a dauntless crew,
We are staunch and true;
From captain down to stoker,
We are each for all,
And our wants are small;
The purser is our broker.
We're hardy jack tars,
We are sons of Mars;

We have drunk his crimson potion,
We're dogs of war and seamen bold,
And we're monarchs of the ocean.

FOR THIS! FOR THIS!

A PARODY.

Could I but feel, for just one transient hour,
The joy of wealth and its unbounded power;
Could I but dream I was a millionaire,
And for a little time forget all care,
For one short day forget I had a care;
Could I but drink champagne instead of beer,
And many other things that now I miss,
I'd take a chance on anything,
Indeed I would—on anything—
Ah, yes, I'd risk my life
For this—for this.

Could I but feel myself a Wall Street king,
A Railroad king, or king of anything;
And boldly all my creditors defy,
And quell them with my cold and haughty eye,
Subdue my tailor with my haughty eye,
And feel myself a man, and not a slave,
For one day of such perfect joy and bliss,
I'd sell my soul to Lucifer,
Aye! sell my soul to Lucifer—
O, I'd do any old thing
For this—for this.

WERE WE TO MEET AGAIN.

Were we to meet now, could we undo the past?
Would heart speak to heart and be loyal at last?
And banish jealous doubt,
Could we find the thread of Love's domain?
Would it end in sunshine, or in rain,
Would it end in joy, or end in pain,
Were we to meet again?

Days grow into months and months into years—
Without you, no light in the future appears.
Ah, cruel, void regret!
Is Fate relentless, and is Love slain?
Dear Heart, could I find you once again,
Would you not forgive, could I not remain,
And Paradise regain?

O come to me, my only Love,
With soul as pure as Heaven above;
Let me plead to you, dear Heart. Dear Heart,
Why need we part? why need we part?
My love was true, in the long ago;
An unjust doubt wrought all our woe.
O can we not the past undo—
Our love renew?

MA PETITE.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & CO., Publishers.]

I dream of you at break of day,
When dusky night has passed away,
And in my heart a prayer I say
For my blue-eyed Petite.

I dream of you when day is done,
And crimson curtains hide the sun,
And silv'ry stars gleam one by one,
My own blue-eyed Petite.

I dream of you at midnight's hour,
When Love is sleeping in each flower;
Ah, Cupid holds me in his power,
My sweet blue-eyed Petite.

REFRAIN.

Pretty eyes of mystic blue,
My sweet, my sweet Petite,
You little know how I love you,
My dainty fair Petite;
Priceless pearl of beauty rare,
Dancing feet without a care,
Ah, but you are wondrous fair,
My sweetheart, Ma Petite.

THE COOK AM I.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

He holds his head on high, and mystic is his eye,
Poor common creatures quake with fear when he
is nigh.
It is the 'Cuisinier,' the high and mighty 'Chef.'
He proudly stands revered, adored, of cooks the
chief.
Knight of the stewpan he, skilful, bold and free.
Man's truest friend, in hour of need he is
supreme!
Fair women praise his name—his art in serving
game!
And all declare his 'Bill of Fare' a perfect dream,
Gastronomic symphonies, harmonious delight,
His dainty dinners are renowned in fame as
'out-of-sight.'
Joy to the world he brings, joy to the world he
brings,
And as he brews and bakes and stews he softly
sings:
Whisper, O gentle winds, whisper it low,
Tell to a waiting world where'er you go,
Kidney and Madeira wine I render quite divine,
While my truffled turkey they say is superfine.
Mention my Strasburg pie, O gentle breeze,
Likewise my larded fowl—I'm sure it will please;

Poems in confitures, sonnets for connoisseurs,
epics worthy epicures.
I brew, I bake, I sing—Joy to the world I bring.
My name and fame have reached the sky, and will
not die;
Whole nations bless my art, and love me in their
heart.
A man you see, of high degree, 'The Cook am I.'

CROWN HIM KING ETERNAL.

[CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.]

The world awakens with a smile, loud joyous
bells are ringing,
And every human heart is gay, and every voice
is singing.
The sun arising in the East sends down a kindly
greeting,
And everywhere, in every place, glad happy
throngs are meeting.
'Tis Christmas Day! Rejoice! rejoice! repeat
the wondrous story:
To-day the infant Son of God has come to earth
in glory!
A mystic star lit up the way, a star of light
supernal,
Let all mankind proclaim him Lord and crown
him King Eternal.

A WILD WESTERN RANGER AM I.

Away like an arrow I fly,
The wind in my face, overhead the blue sky,
My sure footed Pinto, my comrade and friend,
My good lariat o'er the roebuck I send.
"On, on, fast and faster, brave Quito," I cry.
The mountain peaks ring in reply.

A wild Western Ranger am I!
None so manly in mould,
Or fearless and bold,
A wild Western Ranger am I,
A wild Western Ranger am I.

Man-u-ell-a is waiting for me, I know,
By her canvas door in the camp-fire's glow;
She will come at my call, she will whisper low,
"My master, I follow wherever you go."

O, a wild Western Ranger am I!
None so daring and free
On land or on sea,
O, a wild Western Ranger am I,
O, a wild Western Ranger am I.

And I know Man-u-ell-a loves me, she is mine,
The fairest of things 'neath the glad sun-shine;
Her form has the grace of the wild antelope—
Manuella, my own guiding starlight of hope!

O, a wild Western Ranger am I!
None so true to a mate,
Or deadly in hate,
O, a wild Western Ranger am I,
O, a wild Western Ranger am I.

WHEN THE CAPTAIN TRIED TO SING.

The pilot knew, so did the crew,
The boatswain and the first mate, too,
That when the Captain filled his glass,
That when he drank to a fair lass,
The toast but introduced a song.
The Captain's voice was loud and strong,
Melodious as a big fog-horn,
And anything but heaven-born.
The sailors could not get away,
On board the ship they had to stay;
But how they cussed and how they swore,
And longed to wallow in his gore,
When the Captain tried to sing.

CHORUS.

The terrified seagulls rose with a cry,
And paralyzed sunbeams fell from the sky,
The octopus wiped a tear from his eye,
When the Captain tried to sing.
The whale turned tail and began to spout,
The porpiose shouted "O you get out!"
The seadog said "It gave him the gout,"
When the Captain tried to sing.

The sails broke loose and blew away,
The quarter-deck took wings one day,
The spars gave out, the mainmast fell—
That did not stop the Captain's yell.
He kept right on his roundelay:

The men grew weak, their hair turned gray,
The boatswain and the first mate died,
The cook jumped out into the tide;
The pilot followed, then the crew,
The big ship broke and went down too;
A shark bit off the Captain's head,
The eels were shocked, the fishes fled,
When the Captain tried to sing.

HOW DE PARSON RAISED DE DEBIL.

Way down in South Car'liny,
Whar de population's skurse,
Jim Jackson run a tavern,
An' nowhar wuz thar a worse.
By chance de circut preacher
Came an' put up thar one night
When Jim had been a-drinkin'
An' was purty good an' tight.
Dis preacher he wuz famous
All about de country through
Fo' de pow'r he had in prayin'
An' fo' mir'cles he could do.

Now Jim he had a darter
Who he lubbed wiv all his might.
He wuz afeard he'd lose her,
So he kep' her outer sight.
But Sal she had a sweetheart,
An' she met him on de sly;

Dey hugged and kissed each other
When dey thought no one wuz nigh.
Dis night de preacher saw dem,
An' he coughed below his bref;
Sal thought it wuz her father,
An' it scared her 'most to def.

A barrel in de corner
Stood, half full ob flax an' tow;
Sal dumped her sweetheart in it,
Shook him down, so he'd not show;
Jes den her father *did* come:
He had got it in his head
Dat he mus see a mir'cle
Fo' he stagger'd off to bed.
"Get up, yo measly parson!"—
Loud he yelled an' waved a knife—
"Jes yo call up de debil,
Or I'll have yo triflin' life!"

De preacher rose up calmly,
Took a match an' struck a light,
Den dropped it in de bar'l—
Soon de debil came in sight
Wiv flax an' tow ablazin';
Black wiv smoke, Sal's sweetheart ran.
"It's Old Nick, shu'!" said Jackson;
An' he wuz a frightened man.
He signed de pledge on Sunday—
Now de folks about dar tell
How de pars'n raised de debil
And sav'd Jackson's soul from hell.

ONLY A WORD.

Only a word lightly said
And tears fill my loved one's eyes,
In quick regret I explain,
But coldly she replies.
Kissing her, I say 'forgive';
But in pride she turns away,
She then gives me back my ring,
And so we part to-day.

CHORUS.

O how often a thing that is said in jest
Buries itself in another's breast!
How many a word that's lightly spoken
Chills true love and fond hearts are broken!

Only a word lightly said,
But live as long as I may,
That false word that grieved my Love,
I never can unsay.
Though I'd give my life for her,
She can never now be mine;
I have killed her faith in me,
And faith is woman's shrine!

THE MONARCH OF THE DEEP.

In a coral cave, 'neath the restless sea,
Dwells the ocean-king in his majesty;
Two enormous whales
With enormous tails
Guard his Royal Nibs on their bended knee;
Pretty mermaids green and gay water nymphs
Sit about on rocks with their hair in crimps;
While polliwogs prance
And the tadpoles dance
And cuttle fish bold kiss the "sassy" shrimps.

REFRAIN.

But the Monarch of the Deep is not asleep,
No, no—not so—oh no;
He keeps a watchful eye on all above,
Below—just so, you know,
Yo-ho—yo-ho—yo-ho.
Old Neptune is of high degree,
For Saturn's son he's said to be,
A sovereign without peer is he,
He'll reign throughout eternity,
The Monarch of the Deep!

O'er the water-world this divinity
Is a Czar supreme and a K. C. B.
Should he shake his head,
You're as good as dead.
No appeal is there from his stern decree.
The winds and the waves obey his command,
None are safe but those who are on dry land.
Take this tip from me,
If you go to sea
Avoid the rocks, and have plenty of sand.

A PARODY.

Like subtile wine you seemed divine,
We were alone together,
You softly sighed, my heart replied;
'Twas warm and dreamy weather.
"The Dipper" bright through clouds of night
Shone out with light effulgent,
And from afar the Evening Star
Smiled down with look indulgent.
You lay at rest upon my breast,
One arm about me clinging,
And in your eyes, like April skies,
Sweet tender tears were springing.
I kissed your lips, your finger tips,
Ah, well do I remember,
By all above we pledged our love,
The time was last September.
With cheeks aglow, you whispered low,
"To you my heart is given;
While those stars shine I will be thine."
That's what you swore, by Heaven.
A year has flown, now all alone
I ruminate and ponder,
And coldly stare at that "Great Bear,"
A-shining way up yonder.
I think and drink, and drink and think,
O hang that starry group,
To-night you wed my rival Ned—
The Dipper 's in the soup.

ANSWER ME YES OR NO.

[By kind permission of BROOKS & DENTON, Publishers.]

My little sweetheart is good and fair;
Only a few girls with her can compare.
Her smile is bright as the sunshine above;
Fondly each night I tell her my love.
I sit beside her and watch her sweet face,
Her ways are gentle and so full of grace.
When shadows deepen and day fades away,
I whisper softly and to her I say—

CHORUS.

Won't you be mine, Love, as I am thine, Love?
Will you not tell me, pray?
Faithful and true, dear, I'll be to you, dear,
Till I am old and gray.
Do not be shy, Love; quickly reply, Love;
My heart is aching so.
Give me one kiss, dear, brimful of bliss, dear—
Answer me yes or no.

All the day working I merrily sing.
Life seems to breathe of perpetual Spring.
I'm building a cottage down by the sea,
Just big enough to hold Love and me.
Golden the band I shall take her to-night,
The sacred seal of the love we both plight.
In the dim twilight, as day fades away,
I'll whisper softly and to her I'll say—

LOVE, MEET ME.

Light heart, bright heart,
 Meet me in the gloaming,
Down by the brooklet,
 Murmuring and foaming;
Rippling by in noisy joy,
 Rushing to the sea,
On the cool and shady bank,
 Love, meet me.

CHORUS.

Meet me, Love, O meet me,
Come with smiles to greet me.
In my arms I'd hold you,
To my heart I'd fold you,
 Love, meet me.

Sweet heart, dear heart,
 Listen to my calling;
Here in the twilight,
 Shadows deep are falling,
And I wait impatiently
 By the trysting tree.
'Neath the boughs of myrtle green,
 Love, meet me.

Hard heart, cold heart,
 See, the night is waning;
Here by the brookside
 I am still remaining,

Watching through the rising mist,
Gazing out to sea;
Dear one, keep your promise true—
Love, meet me.

MY LOVE SHE IS THE COOK.

I love my love devoutly,
I love my love all day,
Like the cooing dove I love my love,
And to my love I say—

Let me kiss you, I entreat.
How I'd miss you, Marguerite;
If I lost you, ma petite,
My woe would be complete.
Your magic hand, skilled and neat,
I can't withstand, angel sweet.
'Pon my soul you can't be beat—
You're good enough to eat.

I love my love at breakfast,
I love my love at noon,
While at supper-time love grows sublime,
I can't get home too soon.

I love my love at all times,
The club I have 'forsook.'
And while I have wealth I'll drink her health;
My love she is the Cook!

THE NEW YORK GIRL.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

The New York Girl is much alive;
She'll fence and box and swim and dive,
She'll don a sweater, she'll ride a bike,
In fact you never saw her like.
With a swinging gait she walks the streets,
Admired by every one she meets.
O the dashing gay athletic girl
Sets everybody in a whirl.

CHORUS.

The New York Girl,
The Nineteenth Century Girl,
O boys, aint she awfully nervy?
She's wide awake and up to date,
And knows what she's about,
And she turns things topsy-turvy.

The New York Girl, in odd array,
Becomes more faddy ev'ry day.
A bijou heart and Cyrano chain
Is now the craze that's struck her brain;
Two pictures there she hides away:
One is her latest fiancé,
While the other one, marked second place,
Shows his best understudy's face.

Her wickedest and latest fad
Is something truly very bad.
Her awful conduct I will unmask—
She sports a jeweled brandy flask.
From her traveling bag—not one bit shy—
She takes a 'nip' when she is dry.
O the New York Girl in every way
Grows worse and 'worser' every day.

At balls and parties she will pose
In swagger gowns and fetching hose.
While sweet dance music keeps rhythmic rhyme
My lady is not wasting time;
She is taking stock of each new man,
This crafty little charlatan.
O the New York Girl without a doubt
Knows very well what she's about.

BOYS MAKE MEN.

See the little Bootblack
Standing on the street,
His hat is torn, his trousers worn,
And shoeless are his feet;
Do not pass him coldly by,
Smile on him, for when
He grows up he'll not forget it—
Boys make men.

CHORUS.

Boys make men! Boys make men!
When you see a little lad,
Hungry looking, poorly clad,
Never mind his pedigree—
Freeborn citizen is he!
See his bluff with the stuff,
Help him now and then.
You may need his friendship some day—
Boys make men.

"Have an evening paper?"
Hear the cheery cry!
With noisy feet along the street
The crowd goes rushing by.
Pockets full of copper coins,
Bulls and Bears at ten,
Boy grows up, becomes a banker—
Boys make men.

What can be the matter?
Child is overboard!
Boy drops his kit—with bootblack wit
He does not say a word.
Out into the stream he jumps,
Saves the 'kid,' and then
Everyone says he's a *hero!*
Boys make men.

See that stately mansion
Just across the way:

Ragamuffin, snipe a-puffin',
Spots a cloud of gray;
Runs and turns the fire-alarm;
Quick response! and then—
Well, the owner 'buys him diamonds'—
Boys make men.

Now a crowd of people
Shout and cry in fear:
Old lady gray keeps on her way,
And does not seem to hear.
A newsboy pulls her off the track
Just in time, and then
Cable-car goes whizzing by them—
Boys make men.

THE WINDS OF FATE.

Two children played by the river,
One as happy as could be,
The other was born a rover,
And longed for the boundless sea.
One loved the peaceful meadows,
His home and flowery shore;
The other yearned for the tempest
And ocean's eternal roar.

REFRAIN.

The winds of fate blow high, blow low,
'Twas ever thus, and will be so.
One thing alone is sure, 'tis this:
The winds of Fate blow aye amiss.

The wild soul dwelt by the river,
 Immured by Fate's decree,
But ever in silent sorrow
 His eyes turned toward the sea.
The other roamed the world over,
 Involved in storm and strife,
With sick heart ever craving
 The calm of his boyhood's life.

THE CHARLATAN.

I'm a royal Charlatan, I am;
My great-grandfather was old man Ham,
I'm a seventh son of a seventh son,
And he was a regal son of a gun.
While he was alive he made things hum,
With Beelzebub pere he used to chum.
And the people all about did come,
And for an in-sig-nif-i-cant sum
He sold them amulets by the ton;
The son of a gun—that's what he 'done.'
 So does the illustrious Magi,
 Ysabeau.

CHORUS.

Who'll buy a lucky charm of me?
Now is your opportunity.
If you want domestic felicity,
You can have it without publicity;

If you want health, or wealth, or state,
Give me your name and make a date;
I'll draw you a chart of your future fate,
I'll conjure phylacters while you wait,
For in magical art I speculate,
All for the little dollar.

I'm a Wizard of great dignity!
My kindred figured in history;
My forefathers each had a family tree,
And each of them trafficked in mystery.
But I excel all that ancient crew,
And I know more than they ever knew—
The past and the future both I view.
I can tell you if your love is true,
And everything that you ought to do.
O, indeed I know a thing or two:
I am the illustrious Magi,
Ysabeau.

I take a hair from a black cat's head,
From a white man's beard a hair of red;
On them a handful of ashes I throw;
I call Voodoo, hay—I call Voodoo, ho,
And three times like a rooster I crow.
I make a salaam and bow me low,
Then I say all the prayers that I know.
I say them backwards and say them slow;
My pallid cheek takes a ruddy glow,
And my astral form goes down below.
O, I'm the illustrious Magi,
Ysabeau.

TROWSERS BLUE.

His necktie was put on askew,
 His hair like Paderewski's grew;
And he was shy a brain or two,
 Yet he was a 'swell,' I knew.
His coat was shiny at the seams,
 He looked like a bloomin' jay,
Still he was all right, if he was a sight,
 For his trowsers were 'bluet.'

CHORUS.

The bluebottle shade of royal hue
 That you can see for a mile or two,
It's captured the Christian and the Jew,
 Even the 'Chinks' are wearing it too,
And there's big platoons of Broadway coons
 With 'bluet' trowserloons.

Strongminded females, we all know,
 Decked their thin limbs in sterling blue,
But mankind has not hitherto;
 And it's a thing they shouldn't do.
For shanks cerulean 'hall-marks' are,
 So sapient ladies say;
And it makes them mad when they see men clad
 In their trowserlettes 'bluet.'

GRANDPA'S SWEETHEART.

A crowd had gathered on the street
As Grandpa and I passed by;
A woman lay upon the pave,
They feared that she would die.
We paused a moment just to look:
No friend was at her side,
But she smiled as we came, whispered Grandpa's name,
And with a sob she died.

Then Grandpa knelt by the woman old,
Pressed her cold cheek to his own:
"Speak to me once—say you forgive!
Dear Nell," I heard him moan.
He took her hand—no wedding band—
But her fingers fondly clung
To a little gold case with a pictured face—
His face when he was young.

THE STORY.

They had told their love in a bygone day,
While evening bells were ringing;
He had asked her to wait while he marched away
Where cannon balls were singing.
'Mid the battle's din his Nell he forgot;
He loved but the sword he wore.
Days grew into months, the months into years;
She waited—he came no more.

PAPA'S BABY.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

I'm a quiet man, an orderly man,
And I love a peaceful time;
But I have a boy just five years old.
That's driving me to crime;
When I come home I get no rest,
For he keeps up such a noise;
But his mother only laughs and says.
"Boys will be boys."

CHORUS.

The chairs are all set out in a row,
My son calls out "Now let her go!"
He shakes a string of big sleigh bells,
He beats a drum, he kicks, he yells,
Bum! bum! Bang! bang!
Toot! toot! Clang! clang!
Turn off the brakes and let her slide,
For Papa's Baby is taking a ride.

I'm a Christian man, a church-going man,
Yet I almost have to swear,
For the pranks that boy plays off on me
Are more than I can bear;
He pins his playthings on my back,
Takes my hat and cane for toys,
Then his mother only laughs and says,
"Boys will be boys."

I'm a loving man, a forgiving man ;
When I'm safe, and he's asleep,
I sit by his side and stroke his hair,
And silent vigils keep ;
I kiss his tiny rosebud mouth—
O I have no greater joys
Than this heir of mine, and wife, who says
"Boys will be boys."

A FLORAL ACROSTIC.

Cowslips fresh and wet with dew,
Oatheads, myrrh, and myrtle too,
Roses red, and eglantine.
In a choice bouquet I twine ;
No false nightshade shall appear,
Naught but true love have I here—
Each leaf holds a pledge sincere.

Water lilies, heather bells,
Ivy, each its story tells.
Some kind message read within
Ev' ry flow'r I send Corinne.

THE FATAL SOUVENIR.

My sweetheart true was Michael.
A few short months ago;
As fine a lad as ever lived
Was Michael Donohoe.
But for a soldier he would go
To fight with bloody Spain,
And now a widow lone am I,
For Michael dear was slain.

He wore a uniform so gay,
The day he said goodbye;
He pressed me to his manly breast
And told me not to cry;
Then cut a button from his coat
And giving it to me,
"Wear it about your neck," he said,
"While I am o'er the sea."

To-day a letter came to me,
Sent by a comrade friend.
It said, "Your Michael has been shot;
I nursed him to the end.
He fought as brave as brave could be,
Until a bullet smote
And pierced his breast just where there was
A button off his coat."

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

Many devils there are, both great and small,
Saw'd-off devils and devils tall,
Skinny devils and devils stout,
Devils with horns and devils without,
Devils profane and devils divine,
Tough old devils, the worse for wine,
Damphool devils and devils wise,
Devils who dance in a woman's eyes,
"Sassy" devils and devils blue,
Red-headed devils—well!—just a few!
There are devils bold and devils shy,
Devils who laugh and devils who sigh,
Devils saintly and devils sad,
Devils who drive one nearly mad,
The only one that gives me a scare,
Is the old black cat by the Editor's chair.

HAPPY AS A KING.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

I have a happy little home,
A dear devoted wife,
I have a bouncing baby, too,
Who is the joy of life;
And ev'nings when I'm through with work,
And hungry as can be,
There's no place in the whole wide world
Like my little home to me.

CHORUS.

My wife and the baby with me,
I'm as happy as happy can be,
I'm light-hearted and gay,
I work hard ev'ry day,
And the butcher he gets his pay;
I wouldn't exchange with a king,
I have more than money can bring,
A true, loving wife,
A free, honest life,
And that bouncing boy of a baby!

Each Sunday when the day is fine,
I go out for a drive,
My wife, my baby and myself,
The proudest folks alive;
I thank the Lord for health and strength,
I live contentedly;
There's nothing half so dear to me,
As my little family.

I hear so many people say
That marriage is a fraud,
But almost every one, some day,
Bows down before the rod;
And finding it, as I have found,
They quite agree with me,
The greatest joy a man can have,
Is a happy family.

TRAGIC PICTURES IN THE GRATE.

A PARODY.

I'm an old gray-headed 'bum,'
And my time, I fear, has come;
For last night a Fourth Ward copper 'ran me in.'
And he said that I was tight,
And was spoiling for a fight.
My politics he swore were far from straight.
And the 'Judge' he sighed with pain
As he said "What! here again!"
We must have an understanding now, that's plain.
If you do not vote our way,
Once or twice on 'lection day,
Then your 'dear old mug' will go behind the grate.

CHORUS.

Now I'm old, and getting older,
I drink and stay out late;
But yet I somehow seem to feel
That I am still a man,
And I will not sell my vote,
Though I wear a ragged coat,
And must for six months moulder,
Doing pictures in the grate.

When this fact I did declare,
It made his Judgeship stare,
And the copper shook his big fist in my face.
He 'allowed' my head weren't right,
That he'd punch it out of sight;
Then he banged me in the eye and closed it tight.

The Judge rose up in state
Called me a reprobate,
And sentenced me to jail for half a year,
For my moral rectitude ;
There in lonely solitude
I'll do pictures for six months behind the grate.

IN MEXICO.

A PARODY.

In Mexico, far from Madrid,
Where Spanish maidens love a good cigar,
A royal flush a table hid,
Two darkly bright eyes watched it from afar,
When on a jackpot, 'mid blue chips and red,
A "royal hand" was gently laid,
Out rang a pistol-shot—a man lay dead ;
And thus it was the game was played.
It is so, in Mexico,
High or low, from shore to shore,
It is most dangerous to hold
Four of a kind or more.

Try your luck ! for Fortune's smiling,
Time beguiling, care exiling !
Try your luck ! I'm prophesying—
Here a lone hand waits for thee !
Thee alone it waits—it waits for thee !
Good luck, it waits for thee ! ah, yes,
good luck,
It waits for thee, it waits for thee !
For thee it waits !

MY BABY'S LAST KISS.

Two little toddling feet
Follow me to the door;
Papa's going away,
Baby wants one kiss more.
I fold my little one to my heart,
And kiss her again before I start.
The day is bright,
My heart is light,
Down the street I turn to see
My baby in her mother's arms
Kissing her hand to me.

CHORUS.

My baby's last kiss, my baby's last kiss,
Live as long as I may, till I'm old, bent and gray,
There is nothing can blot from my memory
My baby's last kiss.

Two little toddling feet
Are now forever still;
My baby's warm red lips
Are rigid, damp and chill.
In frenzy I clasp her to my breast,
And I try to murmur "God knows best."
My joy has fled,
My heart seems dead,
For never again will I see
My baby in her mother's arms
Kissing her hand to me.

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

Walking down the avenue you put on a lot of style,
That's about the size of it;
You meet a 'pal' and ask him to go in and have a smile—
That's about the size of it;
Then the beggar hints he's broke,
And asks you if you will lend
A little money to him,
Long enough till he can send
A message to his father,
Then he'll pay his "dear old friend";
You get a faint suspicion
That he's giving you but wind—
That's about the size of it.

Going out to paint the town, you will take a big fat roll—
That's about the size of it;
But soon you get a bloomin' jag and feel so awful droll—
That's about the size of it;
Up against a game you go,
Lose your dough, and want to fight;
You swear you have been cheated,
And you kick with all your might;
But off the copper lugs you—
Tells the Judge that you are tight;

The Court proceeds to fine you,
For he thinks the cop is right—
That's about the size of it.

When going to the Races, well, it's then you
make a bluff—
That's about the size of it;
You wear a linen duster and you show a lot of
'cuff'—
That's about the size of it;
You buy a colored score-card,
And you ask 'Who's going to win?'
You take a jockey's pointer,
And you back him with your 'tin.'
But when the Race is over,
You declare that he's a 'skin,'
The jockey smiles upon you
With a very knowing grin—
That's about the size of it.

Then you meet a pretty girl, and you take her
out to dine—
That's about the size of it;
You murmur to the waiter, bring a big cold 'bot'
of wine—
That's about the size of it;
The pretty girl is jolly,
You both become quite gay;
You leave her at the table,
And go out the bill to pay;

You find your money missing,
While the girl she skips away;
The little fairy's played you
For the worst kind of a jay—
That's about the size of it.

MIRANDA, O MIRANDA!
Our cook is fair and forty,
A healthy buxom dame,
She is a household treasure,
So all the family claim.
Her dinners are delightful,
There's only one thing wrong,
Her sweetheart is a copper,
Who each night sings this song:

REFRAIN—O Miranda, dear Miranda,
Meet me, Love, by moonlight
On the back veranda,
Bring along a chicken pie,
And some beer, for I am dry,
A cigar I'd like to try,
Miranda, O Miranda!

The bills are something awful,
But if I make a kick,
Miranda falls to crying,
And raises the 'Old Nick.'
So I just have to stand it,
And pay for beer and things,
To treat that big fat copper
Who comes each night and sings.

A CENTRAL PARK TRAGEDY.

Music—THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

A vet'ran tramp in Hank's saloon
One evening gaily said
"To Central Park I think I'll go
And rest my weary head."
A wond'ring look came o'er the face
Of each one standing near,
They ne'er had seen a free lunch spread
So quickly disappear.

With the last crumb he turned to go
But stopped to light his pipe,
Then grabbed a jug, the only thing
He had a chance to swipe,
And out to Central Park he went
To have a little spree.
His heart rejoiced—the jug was full;
He drank repeatedly.

The gray-coat sparrow cop was out,
The tramp was quickly found,
The 'jug' was empty, and the man
Was sleeping on the ground.
The sparrow cop his lantern swung
Too near the rum-soaked bum,
His breath took fire—both cop and tramp
Were blown to kingdom come.

A HERO IF HE AM BLACK.

Dey marched away tergeddah,
 Two bole young wolonteers;
I kissed dem bof an' brest dem,
 An' tried to hide ma tears.
One has come back a major,
 Wiv epaulettes so gay;
But one wuz killed in battle
 In Cuba far away.

CHORUS.

Tho' I mourns fo ma chile dat died,
 I would not ask him back;
He wuz a soldier, loyal, brave,
 An' a hero if he wuz black,
An' de major, so fine an' gran',
 Wiv heart bof staunch an' true—
Tho' black as de werry ace of spades,
 He's a hero too.

When I sees him out paradin',
 An' hyars him give comman',
Dar ain't anudder pusson
 So proud in dis heah lan'.
De white folks dey all 'spects 'im;
 Dey slaps 'im on de back,
An' tells 'im he's a hero,
 Tho' he am werry black.

JACKEY AND MAY.

Jackey and May, sweethearts were they,
In a little seaport town;
May was the skipper's only child,
And for beauty had renown.
Jackey was tall, and manly too,
And his heart was warm and true;
But for all that they would combat,
As lovers are apt to do.

CHORUS.

Love may be honest and love may be true,
But quarr'ling is something lovers will do.
When one of them frowns, the other will pout,
And no one can tell what it's all about.
For ofttimes a word that is lightly said,
Cuts into the heart like a keen-edged blade;
And a stubborn pride comes a-creeping in,
And two lives are wrecked that need not have been.

Jackey and May quarreled one day,
'Twas over some trifling thing;
They both grew angry, and at last
May handed him back his ring.
He turned and left without a word,
And he strode down to the shore;
Over the bay he sailed away,
And was never heard of more.

Sweet little May faded away;
Her life was one long regret.
Too late she found her heart was true;
Her Jack she could not forget.
In storm or sunshine, wind or rain,
She haunted the rock-bound shore,
Till, crazed by grief, she found relief
'Neath the salt sea's endless roar.

Now, good folks all, both great and small,
This lesson to you I teach:
If you've a sweetheart, don't find fault,
And forever scold and preach.
But be gentle, kind and true;
Forgive and forget the bad,
Or else, some day, like little May,
Your ending may be as sad.

THE LITTLE SOUBRETTE.

She is young, she is trim, she is fair, she is slim,
With a halo of bright pluffy hair,
And a cute, round face, 'neath a small bit of lace,
And eyes with a baby-like stare.
She sings like a bird, her voice can be heard,
As gay and as fresh as a lark.
She can dance, she can kick, in fact she's a brick.
Is she in it? Well, I should remark.

CHORUS.

Whatever she does is done with a buzz,
She has ginger and plenty of 'go.'
She is way above par, she thinks she should star,
Well, she may, when she raises the 'dough.'
O the Soubrette Girl, with her hair in curl,
Is a hummer by night and by day;
And just out of fun she will 'bunco' your 'mon,'
And quite take your senses away.

She is sweet, she is neat, she has Trilby-like feet,
She's an up-to-date bicycle girl;
She wears bloomer skirts, and, O my! how she flirts!
She gives all the Johnnies a whirl,
She sports a cravat, shirt front and all that,
She'll bet on a game of baseball;
When it comes to a race or 'swiping' an ace,
Her little 'soubrettes' has the call.

CHORUS.

But don't you forget, this sweet violet
Can put on the gloves now and then,
Though a wee little mite, you should just see her fight,
And lay out a whole score of men.
And she says, don't you know, she's the hit of the show;
And her cheek! it is something sublime!
O you'll never lose sight of this small satellite,
For she takes the 'jack-pot' every time.

YOU'LL REMEMBER.

[*By kind permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co., Publishers.*]

I have a little sweetheart,
A charming dainty girl,
Her scrambled hair is yellow,
Her nose it has a curl.
She plays on the piano,
And sings with wildest glee,
"Pa Has Got His Big Boots On,"
And "You'll Remember Me."
Now when I called on her last night,
Her dad came home most good and tight;
He scored one kick as I took flight,
My sweetheart yelled in great delight,
"O you'll remember me, you will remember,
you'll remem-m-m-ber me."

There is a little restaurant,
Where I go for a steak,
The waiters get no salary,
They live on what they make.
So when you give an order,
They're looking for a fee,
And constantly suggesting—
"Kind sir, remember me."
You can't get off 'till they're fixed right;
You try to, and you have a fight;
You get knocked out, and look a sight.
The waiters shout with all their might,
"Next time remember me, next time remember, you'll remem-m-m-ber me."

I have a friend, an actor,
I went to see him play;
I bought a dollar ticket—
O wasn't I a jay?
I got there rather early,
As happy as could be.
I listened while the band played
"Then you'll remember me."
I did not see my friend that night;
A great big hat, that was a sight,
Shut off the stage and actors quite.
The girl that wore it was a fright,
And didn't remember me, she didn't remember, didn't remem-m-m-ber me.

One day I went to Guttenberg,
To have a glorious time.
I spent my money freely,
And even ordered wine.
While "sizing up the races"
In much perplexity,
A jockey softly whispered,
"Dear boy, remember me."
He said to me confidingly,
"Put all your 'boodle' on the grey."
I did, and I went broke that day!
The jockey whistled merrily,
"Ta-ra-ra bum-de-a, and you'll remember, you'll remem-m-m ber me."

WHILE THE BELLS WERE RINGING.

Music—THE FATAL WEDDING.

The dinner-bell was ringing with clear and silv'ry chime,
At last the door was opened, full an hour after time,
All the while the hungry boarders had stood up in a line,
Each one with stoic countenance and fortitude divine;
The tablecloth was snowy white, the lights were shining bright,
A savory-looking turkey was the first thing met the sight,
The boarders smiled upon the bird, it was a grand display,
But, alas, that luscious turkey was so old his bones were gray.

CHORUS.

While the dinner-bell was ringing and the boarders stood in line,
While the silverware shone brightly and the table looked so fine,
And the tough old turkey-gobbler rose magnificent to view,
Just another desperate struggle and a broken knife or two.

The fire bells were ringing while a young man bent his knee
Before a stately maiden of much wealth and pedigree;
He whispered of his love for her and sought to take her hand:
He said he'd like to marry her and have a wedding grand.
Her lovely head lay on his breast, he felt success was nigh;
The man had staked his all upon that sweet young girl's reply.
He never really knew his fate—there came a cry of "fire,"
A stream of water struck him and quenched his mad desire.

CHORUS.

While the bells were ringing and a young man bent his knee,
Outside the shrieking engines played a Wagner melody;
But before he got his answer or their lips in kisses met,
"Bust" went a hose-pipe near him and I think he's running yet.

DON'T YO DARE TO COME A-COODLE-DOOIN' ME.

I'se an honest marr'ed lady
I'll hav' yo understan' ;
Yo'd better make no bad breaks,
'Cause I'se got a heavy han'.
I would gouge yo yeller eyes out,
I'd sting yo like a bee,
I'd scald yo and I'd scalp yo,
If yo fool aroun' me.
Yes, sir-ee ! I'd sting yo like a bee !
Yo'll find dis chile on de level,
Yo lop-sided, blue-gum devil—,
Don't yo dare to come a-coodle-dooin' me !

I knows ma man has rhumatiz
An' needs a power o' care.
I knows I has to hustle,
An' ma table's mighty bare;
But dat am no consarn of yo's,
So don't yo get too free.
Dar's no kick comin' yo'r way
An' don't yo fool wif me.
No, sir-ee ! I'd sting yo like a bee !
Yo'll find dis chile on de level,
Yo bow-legged, flat-foot devil—
Don't yo dare to come a-coodle-dooin' me !

I'se no doubt yo has got money,
But jess look froo dat doo;
See dem ar pickaninnies
Dar a-playin' on de floo?
Well, dat's whar ma heart am settin',
An' I'll neber shame 'em—see!
So yo better make yo sneak,
Nigger, yo can't win me.
No, sir-ee! I'd sting yo like a bee!
Yo'll find dis chile on de level,
Yo oily-tongued, ugly devil—
Don't yo dare to come a-coodle-dooin' me!

WAGNER'S MUSIC.

They married for love, and hired a flat;
They were not settled yet
When he found his wife with a soulful look,
And asked "What now, my pet?"
"O darling, darling, all day long
Sweet strains of Wagner come to me;
Some great Musician must be near."
"Rats! that's a boiler factory!"

16407

NEGRO LULLABY.

When de eb'nin' breeze am sighin',
An' de pine-top fiddle cryin',
I takes ma baby on ma knee,
Ma heart am happy as can be;
An' angels watchin' down below,
Dey envies me ma joy, I kno';
An' baby he jess lay an' crow,
Eat an' kick up his heels an' gro',
Larf an' chuckle, coo an' wink,
Nebeb tell mammy what he think;
But daddy say him bery bright,
An' dat he unnerstan' him quite.

CHORUS.

Kinky har an' little flat nose,
Butternut brown from head to toes;
But ma pansy flow'r am as deah to me
As any white lily ever could be.
An' 'cordin' to de gifts Ise got,
I'll be contented wiv ma lot;
An' dar's no one goin' to 'spise, I knows,
De violet kase it ain't de rose.

Close yo little eyes up, Honey,
Purty eyes so warm an' sunny;
Fol' yo tiny han's an' cross 'um,
Hi, dar! yo's a playin' possum.

Now what de matter ails yo, chile?
Don't sass me back wiv dat sweet smile;
Jess min' yoself! now here we go,
Rockin', singin', so sof' an' low;
Ober de bridge to Slumber town,
Baby rides in his nighty gown;
Neber a soun', neber a peep,
Mammy's baby hab gone to sleep.

MA BIG BOL' ACTOR MAN.

As I sails along de street or goes saunt'rin' in de park,
I jess wonders to maself what de white folks will remark.
Wiv ma Psyche knot behin' an' ma hat quite up to date,
I struts like a turkey cock wiv a five barrel gait.
To de the'tre I go whar dey has continual show,
An' I studies all de styles, I wud like to hab yo know.
It was dar I lost ma heart to a big bol' actor man,
Who done a song an' dance act mos' bootiful an' gran'.

CHORUS.

Oh he looked so sweet an' smiled
Dat he charmed dis cullud child;
An' I thought I was in Hebben
By an angel dar beguiled.

An' I bress de happy day
Dat dis darkey libed to see,
When de big bol' looking actor
Made goo-goo eyes at me."

He tol' me ma nose was flat, but he did not care for dat,
Dat ma wool kinked in de way jess like white folks tryin' at.
Dat de smell ob musk he lubbed, dat I would not hab to buy,
Widout lookin' he could tell wheneber I was nigh.
Oh, he praised ma high born air and he took ma watch an' chain,
An' he said he'd bring me diamonds when he came to call again,
Ise not seen him since dat time, but I 'spects 'm all de while,
Ef he don't come purty soon I know I shall go wild.

BROTHER JIM.

Now when I went to Riley's ball,
I met my fate.
I never really was in love
Till I saw Kate.
Lord! how my heart did palpitate
And me legs shake.

When I softly whispered in her ear,
"You take the cake!"
After having several whiskeys straight
We friendly grew,
And I said to her, "Dear Kate, may I
Go home with you?"
She shyly smiled as she took me arm
And murmured "Yes."
Then didn't I think that I'd struck luck?
Well, I just guess.
When we reached her home, she turned
and said,
So low and sweet,
"I've a brother Jim—it will not do
For you to meet!"
"For your brother Jim I do not care,"
I made reply.
Then a cyclone landed on me neck—
I heard Kate cry:

"Didn't ye see him?"

Didn't I see him?—well, Hully Gee,
That Jim didn't do a thing to me,
But slam me on the floor,
And wallow in me gore,
And soak me till I couldn't see.

His arm was the size of a tree,
And his fist had the stroke of three.

He caromed on me nose,
Broke me head, tore me clothes,
Crushed me stomach in with his knee.
He was tough as a man could be,
And a slugger from A to Z.
For that I would not care,
But the Zulu wasn't square!
Did I see him? No, HE SAW ME!

DOWN AT EPHRAM JOHNSON'S.

[*By kind permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co., Publishers.*]

Down at Ephram Snowball Johnson's,
Dat's whar de darkies all flocks in;
Dar yo git good black molasses
Mixed wiv best ole nigger gin.
All de cullud population
Eb'ry evenin' congregate,
Sing an' shout an' raise de debil,
Shake dar feet an' celebrate.

CHORUS.

Shoutin', shoutin', O heah 'em shoutin', shoutin',
Eb'rybody shoutin' strong;
Shoutin', shoutin', Oo-wee! heah 'em shoutin',
Shoutin' all night long.

Uncle Lige he pick de banjo,
An' Nickerdemus slap de bones,
Big Pete does a double shuffle,
'Long wiv little sawed-off Jones.

All de cullud ladies present
 Bows an' each a pardner takes,
Eb'ry one j'ins in de cake walk—
 Golly, how de ole floo' shakes.

Dar be heaps ob water mellin,
 An' eb'ry one kin hab der fill;
If yo has not got de money
 Uncle Eph will slate de bill.
Oh, sich dancin' and sich prancin'
 Nebber was on earth befo';
An' yo'll not go home till mornin',
 Once yo gits inside de doo'.

HEAH DE SIGNAL BELL.

De boat she am a rollin', de bell she am a-tollin',
 De waves dey am a-chantin' a mass;
De lightnin' am a flashin', de tunder am
 a-crashin',
 Better go an' see about yo "pass."
De silver boat am ready, she am safe an' she am
 steady,
 She am sailin' up ter glory fro de sky;
Hump yoselves an' grab yo grip, now I gives yo
 all de tip,
 It'll be too late ter git dar by'm by.

CHORUS.

Heah de signal bell a-ringin',
All de cullud folks a-singin';
Hustle on yo golden slippers,
Or 'Old Nick' will git his nippers
On yo coons.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, clang, clang, clang,
De silver boat, she am afloat,
She's headed fo de sky!
Listen, sinners, listen,
De fire am hot an' hissin';
Grab yo grip, take de tip, hump yoselves an' fly,
It'll be too late by'm by.

De Debil am a-comin', his wings dey am a-hummin',
He's toten' along a forked stick;
Yo'll fin' yoself a goner if he gits yo in er corner,
Fo he'll do you up so mighty quick.
Dar aint no sense in waitin', yo can't fool wiv Mr. Satan,
An' dar aint no use, yo niggers, fo ter try;
So yo jess pull off yo coat an' jump in de silver boat,
It'll be too late ter git dar by'm by.

THE HOULIHANS OVERHEAD.

A LA HARRIGAN.

I'm a mild inoffensive Irishman,
I'm light-hearted and I'm gay,
But I do like a bit of rest at night,
After working hard all day.
But ne'er a wink of sleep I get,
For when I am safe in bed,
They raise the 'divil' all night long,
The Houlihans overhead.

CHORUS.

There's Marguerite, and Sweet Marie,
And Johnny Doyle and Kate,
A big six-footer they call Mike,
With a bulldog for a mate.
They rush the growler, fight and swear—
Sure, they would raise the dead,
May the divil roast the landlord,
And the Houlihans overhead.

It was only a week ago to-night
That my head was nearly split;
I was entertaining some friends of mine,
Faith, I thought I'd have a fit;

While seated at the festive board,
And a 'blessing' being said,
They kicked the ceiling down on us,
The Houlihans overhead.

When I finally got to sleep last night,
I had a heavenly dream,
For I thought that I was floating round
In a Turkish bath of steam:
I op'ed my eyes—to my surprise
I was floating in my bed.
For they had burst the water-pipes,
The Houlihans overhead.

Marguerite, she has got a mockingbird,
Sweet Marie she has a cat,
And they keep them with Mike's big
ki-oo-dle,
And John's pet goat, in one flat.
Now when I chance to pass their door
I'm filled with fear and dread
Of being chol'ra-microbed by
The Houlihans overhead.

* * * *

EVENING ON THE PLANTATION.

Moonlight on de kitchen floo',
 Hark! heah de banjos ring!
Darkies geddah 'round de doo'
 An' shake der feet an' sing.
Mammy sittin' off apart,
 Croonin' so sof' and low,
Holdin' baby to her heart,
 A-rockin' to an' fro.

CHORUS.

Dar's a coon in de hollow, a possum in de tree,
 A lambkin friskin' full ob glee;
A cricket in de brake, a-chirpin' to his mate,
 Eb'ryting happy as can be.
De cotton fields am white an' de melon patch am
 green,
 But de joyfullest thing yet seen,
Is ma purt pickaninny wiv her corn-cob doll,
 Ma precious little blackbird queen.

Honey, how I lubs yo, chile;
 Yo's ma sweet sugar lump.
Fairies taught yo how to smile
 An' grow so roun' an' plump.
Yo eyes twinkle in de night
 Jess like de stars above.
Yo stole ma heart away quite,
 Yo's ma own angel, love.

NORAH O'ROON.

[By kind permission of WM. A. POND & Co., Publishers.]

There is a little maiden,
Who sings from morn till night,
Who dances like a sunbeam,
And laughs with pure delight.
This merry little maiden
Has eyes of honest blue,
She tells me that she loves me,
And I believe her true.

CHORUS.

My darling's name is Norah O'Roon,
She and I are to marry soon ;
O wont I be a lucky gossoon
The day I marry Norah ?

This jolly little colleen
Has lips of cherry red,
And pretty cunning ringlets
They cluster 'round her head ;
Her cheeks are like twin roses,
All fresh with morning dew,
But best of all, she loves me,
And I believe her true.

Some men may long for riches,
While others strive for fame,
But all I ask is steady work,
My health and honest name,

And Norah close beside me,
My guiding star through life;
A happy man I shall be
When Norah is my wife.

THE STRIKE.

The collier's child lay nigh unto death,
And the mother, pale with care,
Knelt by its side, her thin hands clasped
In an agony of prayer.
The father entered at the door,
While cruel tears dimmed his sight;
"God give me double strength," he cried—
"The Strike begins to-night."

CHO.—Is there no help for the workingman,
No law for the honest poor?
Must the laborer be forced to starve,
Or beg at Mammon's door?
Is there no Court for the weaker ones,
Where their rights they may demand?
Is our boasted freedom but a name—
Are Slaves still in the land?

The collier's desolate home is dark,
His beautiful boy is dead;
The wretched mother moans aloud,
And faints from lack of bread.
Outside trained soldiers fill the streets,
With orders from the rich
To shoot poor starving Strikers down
And leave them in the ditch.

THE KOSHER NATION.

Now the good book says Mr. Moses he
Dried up the water in the great Red Sea,
Led the children of Israel over
To Canaan's land, the land of clover;
There he planted a great big fam'ly tree
And started each man with a pedigree;
Each one had his coat-of-arms and station,
His name and rank in the Kosher Nation.

There were Katzenberger, Strauss, and Mayer,
Lichtenstein, Cohen, and Speyer,
Hirschman, Levy, Wolf, and Prager,
Rosenzweig and Rosenpfleager,
Lilenthaler, Guggenheimer,
Kakeles and Gerstenschleimer,
Chatzkel, Berel, Jankel, Schmerel,
All heads of the Kosher Nation.

When the New York Jews give a Hebrew ball
Then ev'rybody turns out, great and small;
Some are in silk and some are in satin,
Some are in costumes a la Manhattan.
There are millionaire brokers by the score,
And their wives with diamonds and things galore;
All have their names in the next day's paper,
Their pictures too, as the proper caper.
There'll be Katzenberger, &c.

If you'd like to know who's 'It' in New York,
On a Saturday go to Central Park,

Or board an L train at any station,
And size up the rising generation;
Or at Herald Square take a Broadway car
For a spin downtown, never mind how far.
Read the big store signs—why, Holy Moses!
Nearly all of them have humpback noses!
You'll see Katzenberger, &c.

HE BUT SLEEPS.

Written by request, for A. T. M.

From the heights of a battered tower,
As the sombre night comes down,
I gaze upon New York City,
Rich temple of vast renown;
While fierce through the lurid darkness
Hiss the red-hot shot and shell,
As if by mad demons driven
From the open mouths of hell.
At my feet lies a couchant Puma,
The hero of many a fray,
Now wounded, but still undaunted,
He waits another day.
And the dastards, cravens, cowards
[Bold, valiant and knightly men,]
Believing him helpless, dying,
Fire on him once again.
But the grim old veteran moves not;
He a silent vigil keeps,
The huge old Tammany Tiger
Still lives—he only sleeps!

CORALS.

"What shall I bring you?" the Gunner said,
As he kissed his love goodbye.
"Corals to wear on my wedding day,"
Was the little maid's reply.
The Gunner left on a "man-of-war"—
To many a port sailed he.
Bravely he fought—at his post he fell—
They buried him in the sea.
While yet he had life he whispered low
To a comrade standing near,
"Here are Corals you must take to her,
The maiden I love so dear."

REFRAIN.

Coral! Coral! mystic child of the sea,
What is the message you bring to me?
What is the song you would sing to me?
What may your secret be?
Beautiful, beautiful Coral red,
Were you kissed by the lips of Love,
Or is it the blood of the great sea's dead
That you bear to the world above?

When the man-of-war at last returned,
The comrade sought his home.
As he neared the old familiar spot
He saw a funeral come

It wound its way to the churchyard gate,
Then slowly it passed inside—
The sacred dead that they laid at rest
Was the Gunner's promised bride.
"I have come too late," the comrade said;
Then he entered the church and prayed.
On the altar's shrine at Mary's feet—
The Corals, love pledg'd, he laid.

DELILAH.

Oh! beautiful, soulless bauble of gilt,
Magnificent thing with hinges of gold,
Satiety's madness is in thy touch,
And the strength of the python in thy hold.
From thy lips I drink at the fount of love,
Drink long, drink deep, drink again and drain
Till the fire of hell runs wild through my blood
And I faint in delirious joy of pain;
Though the charnel-house taint be on thy breath,
And I hear the snakes hissing through thy hair,
Though purple, and stained with the wine cup's dregs,
Thou art fairest to me of all things fair.

SERENADE.

Lady, waken! Lady, listen!
Hear you not my soul a-calling?
Hear you not my tear-drops falling?
Know you not that I am here?
Peerless lady, Lady dear,
Feel you not my presence near?

Lady, waken! Lady, listen!
Night winds pause to catch and bring you
Whispered words of love I sing you,
And the breeze bears you a kiss.
O the rapture! O the bliss!
All my heart lies in the kiss.

Lady, dream on! Lady, sleep on!
In the east the day is breaking,
With the dawn the lark is waking;
Stars grow dim and disappear,
And I may not linger here;
Lady dear, my hope, my light,
Good night,
Good night,
Good night!

THE GOSPEL OF A GLASS OF BEER.

(THE SALOON THE POOR MAN'S CLUB.)

The Pharisee prays by the hour,
And preaches divine platitudes;
He'll pose as an angel of mercy
In all sorts of grand attitudes.
His wisdom excels his Creator's,
He tells us where things are awry,
He points out the pathway of duty
The Lord should follow on high.
From pulpit of royal splendor,
The woes of the world he'll bemoan;
For all he endures, though, and suffers,
A bank note, if large, will atone.
He o'erflows with schemes and devices,
He says tracts must vanquish the 'can';
He's anxious to run all creation
On his little twopenny plan.
He knows what is good for the millions
Of overworked creatures who groan
And pinch and starve in their struggle
To live on a crust and a bone;
He shouts in the highways and byways
Where all men may hear and applaud;
The stage actor's tricks that he borrows
Proclaim him a time-serving fraud;
When asked to relinquish a nickel
By famishing scions of toil,

He turns on a stream of soul-manna
And floods them with Heavenly oil,
But never a cent does he part with,
Although they with hunger may faint,
For words and not deeds is the motto
Of this self-elected old saint.
Then ho! for the bold honest sinner,
His bar and his brave free-lunch spread;
Where a dime, and even a half dime,
Secures both shelter and bread.

And ho! for good sound commonsense,
That sees and reaches its goal—
More gospel's found in a glass of beer
Than dwells in the Pharisee's soul.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

He gave them with a half sad smile,
"My chosen flowers," he said,
"They bring me thoughts of bygone days,
And dreams forever dead."
And I, who scoff at sentiment
And scorn such foolish deeds,
Have kept through all these many years
Those scentless withered weeds.
Shy modest blossoms pure and white,
And his heart black as hell,
I knew, and yet I kept his gift—
Just why, I cannot tell.

GRIPSEY, THE LABORIN' MAN OF EIGHT.

Suggested by a Story in "The Criterion."

Gripsey, a laborin' man of eight,
Worked round Grand Street early and late.
He didn't match pennies, and didn't shoot craps,
Nor have any fun like the other chaps;
He just had to shin round all the time,
And save every penny, nickel and dime,
And keep on agoin' with the crowd,
A-shoutin' his papers good and loud,
For a sickly mother and children three
Was all dependin' on Gripsey—see?

A wee little lad, with heart of gold,
Was this laborin' man just eight years old;
He couldn't read nor he couldn't write,
But he could hustle out of sight;
And if times was hard, or business slow,
Well—he didn't let his mother know.
He was just a boy like many you meet,
Runnin' about from street to street,
With empty stomach and tired feet,
Starvin' himself that others might eat.

Just how he managed it none could tell,
But somehow he was doin' well,
Yes, things went right till his Dad came back;
Then good luck seemed to jump the track.

The old man never was worth a red;
Now he took sick and stuck to his bed—
That made another for Grips to support,
And when rent day came his cash was short.
The boy worked harder than ever before,
But the sick man weighed on him more and more.

Somethin' had to be done, and done right quick,
For the family now was livin' "on tick."
He didn't know what on earth to do,
And it kept him awake the whole night through.
His little brother might help him out,
If the Gerry sharks weren't dodgin' about;
At last he risked it and took the kid,
And the kid worked hard as Gripsey did,
And all went well till in crossin' the street
The kid fell down 'neath a horse's feet.

But Gripsey caught him before he was killed,
Though papers and money all got spilled.
The kid grew faint, and his eyes were dim,
And Grips was scared when he looked at him.
"O save him, save him! don't let him die!"
He called to the people passin' by.
The laborin' man could stand no more,
But pitched head first 'gainst a big iron door;
Down on the pavement he went in a heap—
With broken heart—he began to weep.

But Brown the artist was passin' by,
And poor little Gripsey he chanced to spy.
"Stop cryin'! keep still—just so," said he,
"I'll give you something to pose for me!"
Then he made a sketch of the sorrowin' boy,
And gave him a dollar, which filled him with joy.
Each day Grips went to the studio
And posed while he watched the picture grow.
And soon all his troubles were at an end,
For the artist Brown proved the newsboy's friend.



Christmas Carols.

o—o

BE JOYFUL.

Let each and all their voices raise,
In songs of gratitude and praise,
God's sovereign grace proclaim.
To us He sends His Son below,
No greater gift could love bestow,
Blest be His holy name.

A little child is born to-day,
Whose tender feet shall guide our way,
And lead our steps aright.
We'll crown him Sovereign, King of all,
We'll worship him both great and small,
And glorify His might.

Be joyful—be joyful!
Let the welkin ring!
Raise your happy voices!
Crown the new-born King,
Shout aloud and sing, sing and be gay,
'Tis Christmas day—'Tis Christmas day,
And every heart rejoices.

CHRISTMAS.

Brightly in Heaven rose a silv'ry light,
Gilding with glory all the clouds of night,
Guiding the Wise Men on their holy way,
Showing the Cradle where the Saviour lay.

Beautiful, blazing, Royal Star!
Rosy red with the flush of morn,
Joyous the message that you bear—
The King of kings is born!

Smiling and happy lay the Baby fair,
Humbly the Pilgrims knelt beside Him there,
Laying their treasures at His precious feet,
Gazing in wonder at His beauty sweet.

GATES AJAR.

The gates of Heaven swung wide apart,
And lit a pathway down to earth,
And filled with joy each human heart,
The day God's holy Son had birth.

A white dove spread his wings above,
And angel forms the babe caressed,
They bore him down with tender love,
And placed him on his Mother's breast.

Now all the earth is filled with light,
And steadfast shines the Morning Star;
The world rejoices in His might,
All bless the gates that swung ajar.

STAR OF HOPE.

Sweet mystic star in Heaven high,
Look down on me and hear my cry,
Flood thou my soul with peace divine,
And on my path forever shine.
Celestial star—bright star of love,
Lift thou my thought to things above,
Teach me to watch and wait and pray,
Guide thou my steps to endless day.

When shadows fall and friends have fled,
And tempests rage above my head,
When weak and worn by doubt and fear,
I raise my eyes and find thee near,
O sacred star—O star of God,
Love tempers e'en thy chast'ning rod,
Above the Cross the Crown is seen,
The victor's robe and laurel green.

HIS NATAL DAY.

When the opal shadows play,
With the rosy dawn of day,
And the early bird takes wing,
Happy children wake and sing.

All the world joins in the lay;
'Tis the young King's natal day.
See, a bright star burns above,
Star of Hope and Star of Love.

There with olive branch of green,
Snowy white a dove is seen;
Should you listen you may hear
Angel-voices singing clear.

Hail with joy the Christmas morn,
Christ the Prince of Peace is born,
God the Father—God the Son,
Holy, true and Only One.

WELCOME THE KING.

Chant a song of joy and gladness,
Banish care and banish sadness,
Banish grief and fear,
Christmas time is here.

List the happy children singing,
Hear the merry joy-bells ringing,
Chiming all in tune,
Sweet as birds in June.

Know you not the wond'rous story,
How the Son of God in glory,
Came to earth below,
Blessing to bestow?

Let each heart join in the chorus,
Christ the Lamb of God reigns over us,
Loud hosannas sing,
Welcome to our King.

LAST NIGHT.

We idly drifted down the bay,
Beneath a calm and moonlit sky,
My Love and I—my Love and I.
I softly sang a tender lay,
"Be mine, O Love, be mine I pray."
But Love, she gently answered "Nay,"
Last night—last night.

To-day we walked the city's street,
Beneath a dull and leaden sky,
My Love and I—My Love and I.
In business tones I spoke to say,
"I own that brownstone 'cross the way."
Love whispered, "Dear, I meant not nay,"
Last night—last night.

We'll married be without delay,
That brownstone front we'll occupy,
My Love and I—My Love and I.
I think that I may safely say,
'Tis wealth that wins a bride to-day;
I must have been a "blooming jay,"
Last night—last night.



THEATRICAL CHIPS.

THE MUMMER.

IN olden days, reviled, despised,
Refused a Christian knell,
Grimacing in a motley garb
With Jester's cap and bell;
A talking doll, by kings caressed,
The toy of idling time,
But flouted if thy wit grew stale
Or lost its ring and rhyme;
A thing of gaudy, quaint attire,
With bauble in thy hand—
The mocking emblem of thy sway
O'er tinselled Folly's land—
Yet had thy laughter's light been quenched,
Unknown thy zeal and zest,
How many a weary heart had ached
That leaped to hear thee jest.

Poor fool of old, farewell! Today
The mime, with soul aflame,
Fills listening crowds with fond desire,
And high and holy aim;
With words of magic on his lips,
He calls the smile or tear;
He thrills a multitude with mirth,
Or strikes them dumb with fear.
And sovereigns envy him his grace,
And courtiers steal his wit;
The fool has grown into a sage
For folly's benefit.
His jest, that first blew out the fire
Of Inquisition's day,
Has blossomed to a wondrous art,
With bigotry at bay;
And when the stage its dawn recalls
'T will crown with asphodel
The Fool, whose wisdom and whose wit
Wore folly's cap and bell!

JACK AND I.

WELL, Jack and I are strangers now;
We parted for good to-day;
To-night I sit and think it out
Alone in the twilight grey.

We've lovers been for two long years
Of grief and want and pain,
But love has died a natural death
Beneath the heavy strain.

We both had good intentions—
"Hell's paving stones," they say;
But when Luck turned against us
Love sobbed itself away.

We built such airy fancies
Of how we'd spend our lives,
When Jack was model husband
And I the best of wives.

Now, Jack's a great comedian,
And I a small soubrette,
We said we'd pool our earnings
And a little home we'd get.

And not like other actors,
Who marry and divide;
'Till death we'd stick together,
Still working side by side.

But every ship we sent to sea,
Our heart's best hopes in store,
Was shipwrecked long ere reaching port
And never heard of more.

Though some may shape their destinies,
And win the fight with Fate,
It strikes me, if, the soul be killed,
Success comes rather late.

Well, Jack and I, it seemed, were doomed—
Each day we grew apart,
And all the ties are sundered now,
That bound us heart to heart.

I grieve not, and no more does he,
Though Jack was true as I;
We buried love with a jest to day,
And laughed at his last faint cry.

And here I sit alone to-night,
Where shadows darkly fall,
And ask—Is it better to love and lose,
Than never to love at all?

IRIS.

TO A WELL KNOWN NEW YORK STAR.

SHE comes to us laurel laden,
A mystical being fair,
With palmtree branch on her bosom,
And bay leaves twined in her hair.

She bears a wand of enchantment,
Her voice is melody sweet—
She reaches our souls and holds us
Spellbound in rapture complete.

When the *esprit* of art is upon her,
And her luminous eyes ablaze,
We forget the woman before us,
And see but the one she portrays.

She grasps and depicts every passion,
Every madness, for good or ill,
And truth stands forth as in Nature,
By the strength of her marvelous will.

She will give you an outcast dying
Of wretchedness in the street,
Or a young girl, blushing shyly
As first love bends at her feet.

A cripple at Fate reviling,
 A morbid and heartsick child,
A maiden whom shame is crushing,
 A wife with doubt gone wild.

A wretch with blood-stained garments,
 A saint with face divine,
A creature steeped in evil,
 A nun before the shrine.

She is each and all of these in turn
 True sovereign of her art,
Both the actress and the woman
 Find a place within our heart.

WHILE THE JOY BELLS RANG,



JUST a poor old weary actor,
Feebly drifting down the tide;
Last man of his generation—
Friends and comrades all had died.
Winter's chilling blasts were howling,
Up and down the harsh wind flew,
Through his thin and threadbare garments
Fitfully in gusts it blew;
Patient, proud and uncomplaining,
Homeless outcast on the pave,
Hunger gnawing at his vitals,
Still he struggled to be brave.

"Come," I said, and gently led him
To my chamber, warm and bright,
Where the festal bowl and holly
Duly honored Christmas night.
"Rest you here," said I, and placed him
Where the firelight danced in glee.
Then I listened while the old man
Told long bygone tales to me—
Anecdotes of men and women
Who had flourished in his time:
Buckstone, Mathews, Kean and Barry,
Great Macready in his prime.

He had played with Booth the elder,
Vandenhoff, and Ellen Tree,
Mrs. Glover, Siddons, Cushman,
Helen Fawcet and Kate Lee,
William Farren, Harley, Brougham,
Rogers, Chippendale and Howe,
Fisher, Anderson and Crompton—
Names almost forgotten now.
How he reveled in past glories,
Lived his whole life o'er again,
Made his "bow" at Covent Garden,
Scored success at Drury Lane.

Such an hour, so free from torture,
He'd not known in many a day.
I had not the heart to rouse him,
So I smoked, and let him stay.
On he sat, and smiled and babbled,
Till the night began to wane
And the rosy tint of sunrise
Flushed the frosty windowpane.
He was speaking now of Forrest,
Of the many trials he had—
Said 'twas not "King Lear" but Forrest
In the "Death Scene" that went mad.

Sharp and sudden on the stillness
Joy-bells rang out clear and loud:
Dazed, the old man started upward—
In his eyes there came a cloud.

"Listen! curtain's up," he muttered.
"All on! hurry, there's no time—
That's the cue for Nelly's entrance
In the Christmas pantomime.
Splendid! aint she running smoothly!
House jam-packed clean to the doors.
Music seems a little slow there.
Goodness! how old Buckstone roars!

Ha-ha! that's the prompt-box dancing!
See that stage-brace jump about!
Gad, the borders are all falling,
And the footlights have gone out.
What you say? the play is over?
House closed up? It must be late.
Zounds! these dressing rooms are
freezing
That last hand I got was great.

Bless my soul if this aint Nelly,
Waiting here for her old Dad.
Come, dear, we'll go home to mother—
Supper won't taste very bad.
Nelly! Nelly, aren't you coming?
O my God! how numb I feel!
Nelly, don't—you—hear me—darling?"
Mad with mirth the joy bells peal.
Rigid, ashen-hued and silent.
All his earthly sorrows past,
Sits the old man in my chamber—
Christmas day has dawned at last.

SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

Life is but a play,
And all the men and women merely actors.
They have their exits, cues and curtain-calls,
And woman, in her time, plays many parts,
Her acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Wriggling and squirming in the nurse's arms.
And then the baby-toddler, fed on candy,
With greedy, sticky face, crying for more,
Unwilling to desist. And then the School-girl,
Romping and shouting, wild with noisy gladness,
And songs of merry music. Then the Maiden,
As full of airs and graces as a queen,
Changing in humor, sudden and quick to wrangle,
Seeking for social reputation,
Gained e'en at goodly cost. And then the Woman,
Modest and blushing as becomes a bride,
Her eyes cast down in trembling happiness,
Yet strong in her young love. And so the play
Goes on. The sixth age shifts into the glory
And perfect graces of sweet Motherhood,
With practical ideas and keys at side,
In family joys and household cares content.
A friend in need, and needed many times.
And then with whitened hair and eyesight dim,
To Childhood she returns. Last "Scene" of all—
She sits and mumbles over wordless prayers,
And grows oblivious, and ends, like man,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To act, or not to act, that is a poser:
Whether 'tis better on the Stage to trip it,
To learn the "make-up" art and join the Chorus,
Or wed some man and settle down forever;
Become a household drudge—to coax, to beg,
To beg, to plead, and hear a man say "No,"
When asking for the latest thing in gowns;
Or o'er the footlights try to make a mash
On some old baldhead in the foremost row—
To dress, to sing, to dance and make a hit.
Aha! what joy 'twould be; the storm of hands,
The wild applause and thundering curtain calls!
I close my eyes; I seem to see it all;
I feel my head enlarging, even now.
To be an actress great is better far
Than wedded bliss and kitchen sovereignty.
And then the flowers sweet, tied with big bow,
And dapper usher reaching them to me
'Mid breathless silence, as I bow my thanks
And exit L. C. while the people shout
Their approbations loud——But stop; perchance
I might not be a wonderful success;
In other words, I might be one grand fizzle—
'Twere well to pause and think before too late—
A husband cannot shake one in a day;
Perhaps it is the wisest course to wed.
Great guns! what chances one takes either way.

THE BURLESQUE.

[Written for and published by WILLIAM W. RANDALL, Editor of the "Amusement Globe," 1893.

"And what *is* a burlesque?" did you say?
It's a malformed beast with a hideous bray;
It's the resource of writers devoid of wit;
It's the grinning mask that would counterfeit it.
It's in truth the epitomized folly
Of the present day and age
To dwarf to a pigmy proportion
And distort on the modern stage
All deeds of heroic stature,
And to ridicule and blast
Every act of grace and beauty
Revered in the ages past.

It's an aping of strength Hudibrastic
And of Rabelaisian mirth;
It's a juggling of words and phrases
Devoid of point or worth;
It's a paradox seen through limelight glare,
Full of swaying figures and white arms bare,
And gleaming eyes and faces fair,
With color and music everywhere,
And kaleidoscopic visions rare
Of Dazian tights, twelve dollars a pair,
With the house sold out, not a vacant chair,
And a box-office count-up that makes you stare;
A burlesque, my dear, hits the public square,
And the high and the low alike go there.

THE INGENUE.



HOULD you go to Colorado,
As perchance you some time may,
There to wander o'er the prairie,
Where the Washoe zephyrs play:
And renouncing thoughts of city,
With its heedless haste and strife,
Its unending jar and discord,
And the business cares of life;—
Should you seek the rugged mountains,
Where nature's works are best,
And find mid gulch and cañon
Your needed healthful rest;
Where mid the rocks and shadows
A transient hour you take,
And list the weird sad music
The mystic pine trees make;
Where spicy breath of balsam
Comes crossed by flowers sweet,
And ice-cold from the snow-peaks
Flows the river at your feet;
Where all day you may angle
In the waters of the Platte,
And sometimes land a speckled trout,
The river autocrat;—
Should you find your sought-for pleasure,
And your conscience be at ease,
As lazily you lie at length

Beneath the hemlock trees ;
And gaze through purple distance,
While the day is dying out,
And feel in touch with eve-tide,
And your heart turns half devout;—
And high o'er distant Long's Point,
Where the sunset curtains shine,
Are pictures rare and beautiful,
Etched by the hand Divine ;—
And if, when shadows deepen,
And night's dark pall is swung,
And your eyes still wander westward
Where the scrolls of God were hung ;
And a thoughtful mood is on you,
And you'd hear without a jest;—
I will tell a tender story,
A story of the West.

* * * * * *

It was somewhere in the seventies,
Ere the Taber Grand was known,
When the Governor's old "guard house"
Was the theatre of tone,
There came one day to Denver,
From far beyond "The Range,"
A lot of stranded players,
Who had "closed" for want of change.
They fought with one another
Till each one got his pay,
Then all bought New York tickets,
And quickly rushed away.

All save a little shrinking girl—
The winsome Ingenue,
With gentle, dainty, graceful ways
And eyes of azure blue.
'Twas her first season on the road,
What matter if *she* staid?
In Denver she was left alone,
With hotel bill unpaid.
She could not understand it—
Why she was left behind;
She wondered how they had the heart,
And wept till she was blind.
Oh, it seemed so hard of Gerald,
The handsome leading man:
He had taught the girl to love him,
As such men always can.
She had given him her childish faith,
Her woman's soul as well.
Her dreams were all of Paradise—
Heaven is so near to Hell.
Well, Western folks have hearts, you know,
They kindly let her stay;
She kept her room, they gave her board
And never asked for pay.
Each day beside the window,
With sad eyes gazing East,
Her face grew thin and pallid
And its ghastliness increased.
The weary weeks grew into months,
Till half a year had flown,

With never a word from Gerald—
 Then the Ingenue died—alone.
But she left a sweet girl-baby,
 With Gerald's eyes and hair,
And the tiny stranger found a place,
 Good friends and Christian care.
For a childless couple living
 In a mountain town above,
Took home the little maiden
 And reared her in their love.
They took the mother's body, too,
 And laid it decently
In a quiet churchyard corner
 Beneath a cedar tree.
Then peaceful years flowed onward
 Till the girl was seventeen,
A fair and gentle creature
 And stately as a queen.
She knew her own sad story,
 And oft she sought the grave
And mourned her sweet girl-mother,
 But her father ne'er forgave.
She planted hardy wild flowers,
 And creeping vines of green
Grew around the little headstone
 Till the name was quite unseen.
Chance one day brought a stranger
 To this village, from the East,
Whose health he said had failed him—
 He'd been working like a beast.

He claimed he was an actor
Of considerable renown,
But no one seemed to know him
In that little mountain town.
His age he gave as forty,
He seemed to know the world;
He drank good wine and smoked cigars,
Was waxed, perfumed and curled.
He mocked at all created things
With easy, careless grace;
With scornful eyes and a cynic smile
On his pale patrician face.
Well, when he thought his health restored
He planned to go away.
Then suddenly he changed his mind
And said that he would stay;
For the man had spied the graceful maid,
And to himself had said,
"This girl is far too lovely
To be country-born and bred;
Now such a face and form would make
A fortune on the stage;
I will tarry here and woo her,
She shall comfort my old age."
But his wooing did not prosper;
The girl was half afraid:
She sought the little churchyard—
By her mother's side she prayed.
There the stranger found her, kneeling
Beside the sacred dead.

"Why come you here," he asked her;
"'Tis mother's grave," she said.
And then she told her story,
With all its blight and shame,
And showed the humble headstone
Where he read the mother's name.
For once the man was silent—
His soul seemed stricken through.
The girl went home and left him
Alone with the Ingenue;
And there next day they found him
With a bullet in his brain—
The stranger's name was Gerald,—
It was so they met again.



L'HIRONDELLE.

THE CLUBMAN'S STORY.

'T was in an actors' boarding-house
By chance I saw one day
The queen of the ballet, l'Hirondelle,
A-weeping her heart away.
Her Alphonse, she'd learned, had been untrue,
With grief she was nearly crazed,
And drowning her woe in brandy straight,
Things seemed to be somewhat hazed.
What matter if Alphonse could not act,
He was handsome as a king,
And of course she loved him ardently,
Ah, why did his love take wing?
She clasped her fingers convulsively
About her throat with a moan;
Then pour'd a little more brandy out,
And drank it down with a groan.
Her golden hair was a tousled mass,
Her rose-colored wrapper torn;
One tiny slipperless foot appeared
In hosiery somewhat worn.
I shrugged my shoulders and hurried off,
Though her pleading eyes said "Stay."
I'm a practical man of the world,
So I left her without delay.
Some weeks later I saw her again,
Looking gay and wond'rous fine;

She was having "truffled quail" at "Del's"
With Ripley, a friend of mine.
He'd lost his head, and about her charms
He raved in his boyish way,
Until disgusted, I gave him at last
A moral drubbing one day.
I talked until I was out of breath;
Guyed him, and I "roasted" her;
Like a plaster cast he took it all,
Nor did he once move or stir.
Then I knew that mine was a hopeless task—
I let him pursue his way.
When I chanced upon them after that
I had not a word to say.
We were always meeting by some queer chance
At the Opera, "Del's" or the Park;
She was like a feverish tropic bird,
Up to any kind of "lark."
One day I would see her swooping by,
Just a symphony in white,
Fleecy and soft as a feath'ry cloud,
Transparent as lunar light;
And then again she would flutter past
In gauzy and mystical black,
Through which her flesh seemed to glint like snow,
Sending shivers down one's back;
Or like some Brazilian butterfly,
With brilliant jewels aglow,
I would see her flash along Broadway,
Keeping Ripley well in tow.

Ripley, I noticed, was looking ill ;
He was "plunging," that I knew.
I was awfully sorry, yes, of course,
But I'd done all I could do.
I'd watch him and often wonder why
A sane man could go so mad
For a creature like this Hirondelle—
It really seemed quite too bad.
She and I were not on friendly terms,
Oft I lashed the lovely thing
With cruel and bitter biting truths
That rankled and left a sting.
As the winter months advanced I saw
L'Hirondelle was looking pale ;
She seldom ate and refused to drink
And she oft-times wore a veil.
Like a flake of snow she seemed to dissolve,
Growing thinner day by day.
As I could not quarrel with her more
I now kept out of her way.
Ripley was crazy about her yet,
But the crisis came one night ;
I met him reeling into the Club,
A most deplorable sight.
As he dragged me aside he whispered me,
Through teeth that were clenched and set,
How he had given a "thousand cold"
For a bracelet she wished to get,
And how she had pawned it that very day
For a curséd diamond ring

As a gift for that actor clown—
Could there be a baser thing?
What should he do with a wretch like that?
Kill her? "No, never," said I.
"Just quit her." With eyes like balls of fire,
He vanished without reply.
Later I saw her in "Sherry's" rooms.
She was calm, though ghastly white;
She only stared with a haunted look
At questions I asked outright.
It fell to my lot to take her home,
As Ripley did not appear.
I called a cab and hustled her off,
With scant politeness I fear.
When we reached her place she asked me in.
With sneering laugh I declined,
Suggesting I might be in the way
When she and her Alphonse dined.
Like a tigress she turned upon me then,
And hissed one short, hard word,
So fierce that it really staggered me,
I was hardly sure I heard.
I followed slowly into her rooms,
Half lit by a pinkish glow
Of light that came from an open grate
Where a fire was burning low;
An odor of dead forget-me-nots
And violets filled the air.
I looked about for the brandy flask,
But I fail'd to see it there.

In the shadows l'Hirondelle was lost.
For a moment I stood alone,
Then her eyes from out the darkness grew,
Like opaline stars they shone.
I could see the waving of her hair,
O'er forehead and dimpled cheek;
I could hear her wildly-beating heart—
I tried to, but could not speak.
Her dewy, lotus-red, clinging mouth
Closed mine with electric sting,
And shyly taking my hand in hers
She pressed there a diamond ring.
"For my sake wear it," she murmured low;
Her salt tears lay on my face:
Her voice grew broken, and then it ceased;
Dead silence was in the place.
The fire went out—the room was dark—
I unloosened my cravat—
I hope I escaped—I do not know
What happened after that.



THE STAGE HERO.

Some way he never has much luck,
 Misfortune round him clings ;
He's always getting into scrapes,
 And doing damn-fool things.

He has a wondrous flow of speech,
 Says Love can knock out Death;
That Love outlasts eternity,
 The soul's soul-fire—its breath.

It shakes the body when it dies,
 And mounts in utmost joy
To other lives in other spheres,
 Where good things do not cloy.

Though filled with noble sentiment,
 In business he's a jay ;—
The Villain always downs him
 In a most surprising way.

And ever through his troubles,
 The Heroine and Child
Must wail and hang about him,
 And almost drive him wild.

But Servant-girl and Comic Man
 In last act set things right;—
The curtain falls mid loud applause
 And shuts him out of sight.

THE STAGE HEROINE.

With bilious, sallow and sickly look,
 With rent that's far in arrears,
She's forced from home with her little child,
 Whom she parboils in scalding tears.

She wanders about in an aimless way,
 The weather uses her rough ;
At last she falls in a fainting fit;—
 Altogether, it's pretty tough.

She's found in time by the little Soubrette,
 Who follows her everywhere,
And takes her to live in an attic high,
 Sans cook-stove, bed or chair.

The awful woe that woman feels
 Is dire to contemplate,
But when they come to steal her child,
 She's positively great.

Our own hearts bleed in sympathy,
 We weep as things grow worse,
We wish the long lost Hero back,
 The Villain loud we curse.

Well, finally he does turn up,
 And all back debts are paid ;
A happy climax comes at last,
 Just as the tag is said.

THE STAGE VILLAIN.

His collar's white and clean,
His mouth is firm and set:
His legs are straight and long,
He puffs a cigarette.

He wears a big cape coat,
A high and shining "tile,"
His patent leather shoes
Are quite the latest style.

He moves with ease and grace;
He murders, robs and lies;
The Heroine he loves,
With a love that never dies.

He tries to win her heart
In many crooked ways;
She spurns his proffered love,
And wrings her hands and prays.

He swears a fearful oath,
And bids her not forget;
That he'll get square in time,
And he will have her yet.

He forges, cheats, and thrives
Till the play is nearly done.
Then the Hero gets in line,
And downs him with a gun.

With hisses loud and long,
The gallery-gods break ranks;—
The Villain rolls his eyes,
And smiling, bows his thanks.

THE ADVENTURESS.

She's vicious, dissolute and bold,
Her past is a record of shame,
She's wickedness personified,
And she has a fictitious name.

She's stately, grand and picturesque,
Her gowns are made by Worth,
She speaks with foreign accent strong,
And claims a noble birth.

She assumes the air of a marchioness,
She moves with languid grace,
But sometimes she forgets herself
And grows quite commonplace.

Men fall in love with her beautiful face,
And she plunders them right and left,
But as long as she condescends to smile,
They quite ignore the theft.

By chance she meets the Hero bold,
And gives him her heart unsought,
But raises the very dickens and all,
When she finds he wont be caught.

At last she tires of life and love.
"I'm down on my luck," she cries,
Then swallows a glass of paris green,
Does a Bernhardt fall, and dies.

The drop comes down to music slow,
We applaud her, one and all,
And the corpse gets up and shakes herself,
And takes a curtain call.

THE COMEDY MAN.

He has merry twinkling eyes,
And a round and jolly face;
He is very often tipsy
And he's always in disgrace.

He is fond of all the ladies,
But he dotes on kitchen maids,
He can give the Hero pointers,
And the Heroine he aids.

He feeds the Villain taffy,
And pretends to be his friend,
But you'll find out he isn't,
When the play is near its end.

He's full of funny sayings,
And laughs all care away;
His clothing is peculiar,
And suggests a bygone day.

His sweetheart often scolds him,
Pulls his hair and slaps his face,
He never seems to mind it,
Just winks and holds his base.

Though empty are his pockets,
He is rich in mother wit,
He's the man we all remember,
He's the man that makes the hit.

THE LITTLE INGENUE GIRL.

She has dainty ways and a sweet-sweet smile,
And she's artfully artless, ah yes.
She's as full of tricks as a cute young cat,
And she wears an ankle-length dress.
Her red-red lips have a charming pout,
Her eyes a baby-like stare.
She has two little feet, in two little shoes
That cost her six dollars a pair.
She is somewhat strong on College slang,
And mixes it up in a way
That stands your very hair on end,
And you feel it turning gray.
But her dear little soul overflows with love,
To her sweetheart she is good and true;
Though her sweetheart is shy and afraid to propose,
And leaves it for her to do.
And she does it of course in an up-to-date style.
Makes *him* swear to love and obey,
Then, as that's the last scene in the very last Act,
Why, of course that's the end of the Play.

SYNONYMOUS.

'Twas the early bird who sought the worm
The wily cat demolished.
'Twas the rolling stone devoid of moss
That gained a lovely polish.

THE STAGE CHILD.

This pert little bundle of bones
 Has a good deal of perspicacity,
What she lacks in her size and weight
 She fully makes up in loquacity.
When the Villain approaches her Ma,
 She will get up on her pugnacity
And cry "Avaunt, you bold, bad man!
 I'm shocked, Sir, at your audacity!"
And whenever he comes in sight,
 She shows a heap of sagacity,
Says "Bluffing don't go! I'm on to you, Cull;
 Your strong point is not your veracity."
At times she plays the part of a Prince,
 With any amount of vivacity;
But she poses best as the Heroine's kid,
 Where she loses herself in nugacity.
We heartily wish the Stage-child luck;
 We've met her, and know her dicacity,
And whether she's fish, or flesh, or fowl
 We'll vouch for her sequacity.

AT THE CHURCH FAIR.

"Buy a present," said she, "for the lady you
 love—
 A bouquet, a book, or a fan?"
"I can't," said he; "it would not be right,
 For I am a married man."

"HER SOUBRETLETS."

"If you can't reach fame at a single bound,
Build up a ladder by which you may rise;
Let it rest on the earth and point to the skies,
Then climb up to glory round by round."

That's the old-fashioned way,
And some it may suit,
But the modern Soubrette
Has grown more wise,
She just stands on her head,
Points her toes to the skies,
And rolls up to glory
By the cartwheel route.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

He knew his end was near,
He felt the touch of Death.
"Prepare me for the world to come,"
He said with feeble breath.
His friend rushed forth at once
To grant his last desire,
And heavily insured him
Against damages by fire.

CHORUS.

There are river gods and naiad queens,
Wood-elves with golden hair,
And water-lilies, green and white,
And cupids, plump and fair,
There are shephard girls with little crooks,
Bo Peeps in rich array,
And devils, imps and fairy kings,
And monks and friars gray,
There are musketeers and mountaineers,
And sailors fresh from sea,
And Highland lads in tartan plaids,
Whose kilts just reach the knee.
Tall Amazons in armor bright,
And harlequins so gay,
And troubadours with light guitars,
Who sing, but cannot play.
There are sylphs who turn to aisles of flowers,
And bats with gossamer wings,
And mermaids, dolphins, dryads, nymphs,
And many more queer things.
They all mix up and wave their arms,
They sing and dance and shout,
Till the bald old dude gets up in his chair
And forgets he has the gout.
The lights burn blue; the lights burn red;
The music ebbs and flows,
While elves do splits and cartwheels turn
And spin round on their toes.

The curtain falls, the house grows dark,
We wander home in a maze,
And hear the manager passing say,
"It's the naughty chorus that pays."

THE MANAGER.

Why is an artistic wonder so often a failure,
you ask,
Well, six o'clock dinners and Comet wines
Make thinking a frightful task,
And people don't want to stop and think,
They just want to laugh and be gay,
If you give them classic and high art stuff,
You'll find they will stay away.
Give them forty pairs of well filled tights,
A chorus of charming girls,
A man or two in petticoats,
And a tramp with teeth like pearls;
Women who move as in a dream,
Who look mediæval saints,
Yet can talk the latest Bowery slang,
And dance till the orchestra faints.
Give them *risky* gags and plenty of noise,
Living pictures in scanty dress,
And then they will come and fill your house,
And that is what makes success.

THE FIN DE SIECLE GIRL.

She wore an English cutaway coat,
And a hat with a dented crown,
A man's shirt front and a swagger tie;
While her shoes were of russet brown—
She sported a vest of cherry red,
With buttons of shining brass;
She was very young and pretty too,
Was this fin de siecle lass.

He was a good looking leading man;
He had been her chum for a year,
But she always laughed when he talked of love,
And called him a "silly dear,"
She was a bachelor girl of course,
And was wedded to "Art" alone.
"But she was his friend—indeed she was,
Though "love" she had quite outgrown.

The season closed—they drifted apart,
To meet in a month or two,
To-day they told her that Jack, last week
Had married the ingenue.
"Jack married, why bless the dear old chap,
"Well I wish him joy," she said,
But the light died out of the girlish heart
'Neath that saucy vest of red.

A CASINO CAROL.

We'er America's high-rollers,
But we lack a foreign air,
So we must import our manners,
As we do the clothes we wear,
We can never set the fashions,
Or direct society,
That is done in France and England,
By the great nobility.
But we copy very fine
And we do it very fair
From our patent-leather shoes
To the way we do our hair
And we've learned to use an eye-glass
And to do the English stare.
It's imported
Like the clothes we wear,
It's imported
Like the clothes we wear,
Our funny little lisp,
And our idotic stare
Are imported,
Like the clothes we wear.

OVER THE COUNTER.

HE—I'll have your book bound in Morocco,
Or in Turkey if you prefer."
SHE—" Oh don't go to all of that trouble,
Have it bound in New York sir."

AS "LITTLE HANNELE" TOLD IT.

Onc't there waz a 'ittle boy
As lived down on the farm.
His ma and pa waz good to him
An' shielded him from harm.
But he waz not content,
So when he grow'd up big
He shook his home and friends
An' didn't care a fig.

He went with actor folks
An' traf'led fru the West,
An' had his picter on the fence
Without no coat or vest.
He called hisself Macbeth,
He waved a 'ittle sword,
An' everbody shook wif fear,
The way he raved an' roared.

But troubles overtook him.
One day he had to "scoot"
An' work his way back home again
By a worn-out free lunch route,
An' when his people seed him,
They all began to laugh,
An' Mr. Ham Phat Prodigal,
Didn't get no fatted calf.

THE ACTOR'S CERTIFCATE.

She sat in a box at the theatre,
The child of a millionaire,
And watched him play Claude Melnotte
To the Lady of Lyons fair.
Once their eyes met over the footlights,
Both felt an electric thrill,
And a love was born that moment
No after time could kill.
'Twas the same old story repeated;
They met and their love grew strong:
For Claude's intentions were honest,
And the girl meant to do no wrong:
But her stern old father was heartless,
And rather would see her dead
Than the wife of a "low-bred actor."—
With the actor one night she fled.
They married and hurried westward
On a midnight special train:
He took her home to his mother,
A good little woman, though plain.
He proved the best kind of a husband
And she was a loving wife:
He gave up the stage and settled down
To a prosy business life.
And then a tiny stranger
Made their happiness complete:
E'en grandma's face grew youthful
As she gazed on the baby sweet.

Thus five long years passed merrily,
Not so with the millionaire.
He had loved his child, in his hard, cold way,
And sought her everywhere.
His health was somewhat broken;
He needed change of air;
He thought he'd try the Rockies,
So he shipped himself out there.
One night in a Western village,
As he lounged by his hotel door,
He saw from a neighboring cottage
A dense, black smoke-cloud pour.
He heard loud, jangling, brazen bells,
In discord ringing out,—
Above the engine's fearful din,
The Foreman's trumpet shout.
Through the cottage windows the red flames leaped!
They flared from the sinking roof;
And back from that seething furnace glare,
The rich man stood aloof.
The folks at last were rescued,
Half dead from heat and smoke;
A woman had been injured,
They feared her arm was "broke."
The crowd made way as they bore her by;
For a moment he saw her face;—
The next his arms were about her,
In a wild and close embrace.

His long lost child he'd found at last
And Heaven had answered his prayer.
He bowed his head with tear-dimmed eyes,
And thanked God, then and there.
He took her from the staring crowd,
He sent for a doctor and nurse,
He kept the house in commotion,—
Gave orders till he was hoarse.
About this time young Claude appeared;
With grief he was nearly mad,
But the father said with scornful glance
"Go to ——," a place that's bad.
But Claude kept on and made a scene,
Till arrested and taken away.
The millionaire's money got that done.
He was willing the cost to pay.
Next day they met before the judge,
Each told his tale of woe,
Claude begged in vain to see his wife.
The millionaire said "No."
His child had been deceived, of course,
And never wed, he knew.
The man's certificate would tell
If what he said was true.
That precious paper and all Claude had
Were burned in the cottage fire
Poor Claude stood there, condemned by all,
A villain and a liar.
Just then, judicial silence
Broke up in a cry of joy,

As, with dancing eyes and flying curls,
In rushed a little boy.
The father took him by the hand:
No time to hesitate,—
"You asked for proof; Your grandchild here,
He's my certificate."
The millionaire near had a fit,
His face grew white, then red,
He grabbed the boy, then seized Claude's hand;
"That's valid," was all he said.

AFTER "THE VAGABONDS."

[A REDFIELD CLARKE IDYL.]

Yes, I'm very fond of my little dog Jack,
And little dog Jack's fond of me.
We journey along with a bark and a song,
Light-hearted and careless and free,
To-night we may sleep in a warm nest of hay,
To-morrow night roam through the street,
But, whatever our luck we make no complaint
As long as we've plenty to eat,
We bury our cares in the grave of each day,
Each dawn we begin a new life;
The future is ours, we have done with the past,
And all of its discord and strife,
The salt of the earth, true philosophers we,
Though the world may regard us as tramps,

And call us all kinds of unsavory names,
And vow we're the worst kind of scamps.
We've both had our sorrows, our hopes and desires,—
Both been disappointed in life,
Jack lost a good home, was imprisoned for debt,
While I—had a runaway wife.
I went to Jack's aid,—he in turn came to mine,
Of my trouble he knows every word,
When I told him he gave just a low little moan,
And I knew that his dog's heart was stirred
He can tell what I think though I don't move my lips,
All his thoughts I can read like a book,
When strangers are by we indulge in sly tips,
And can state a whole case with a look.
Now some people say dogs are lacking in sense,
That the best one is only a beast,
But I'll bet my hat that my little dog Jack,
Knows as much as *some* men do at least,
His morals perhaps are a little bit loose;—
It's the life that he leads you see,
And if truth should be told, I rather surmise
He gets his bad habits from me.
He can't see my faults, he's the only true friend
I've had in this many a year,
He looks upon me as the noblest of men,
Do you wonder I hold him so dear?
No matter how low a man sinks in the world,

Drawn down in adversity's bog,
There's that in his heart that will warm when he feels
He still has the love of his dog.
Suppose we *are* tramps, that we steal now and then,
When hunger is driving us mad,
Preserving our lives, in the eyes of the Lord,
Can't make us so awfully bad.
Well—be that as it may, Jack's mine and I'm his,
Together we're sad or we're gay,
Like brothers we'll live, like brothers we'll die,
And awake on the judgment day.

THE ACTOR'S PIPE DREAM.

At cards I never had much luck,
At races I was always stuck,
But when the Shamrock boat was here
I made ten thousand dollars clear.
For one night, smoking, on my cot,
I dreamed Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht
Beat the Col-um-bia by a knot,
And won the cup and big jack-pot.
This made me feel so awful hot
That up I jumped like I was shot;
My double-barrelled gun I got,
And then and there, right on the spot,
I swore I'd shoot the whole darned lot.
But if I did so or did not,



THE ACTOR'S PIPE DREAM.

What happened next I have forgot,
For on a sudden I awoke.
I tell you what, it was no joke;
I couldn't get my breath for smoke;
I didn't do a thing but choke.—
My hair was singed, my pipe was broke,
I had to put my head in soak:
'Twas lucky that I didn't croak,
While I lay dreaming, sweetly dreaming—
But in the midst of my dismay
I thought what fortune-tellers say
Of how dreams go the other way,—
I had my cue,—I was no jay,—
I grabbed my hat and went straightway
And mortgaged all my next year's pay,
And bet it on Col-um-bi-a.
And now I'm wearing diamond rings,
Gold watch and chain and other things;
I'm going to "star,"—I've bought a play,—
The world is mine,—hooray, hooray!

ROCOCO.

The man who raves o'er a woman's hand,
And kisses her glove and talks of love,
Fails quite to understand
Why boot with husband's foot should rhyme
When he kicks him in rag-time.

SHORT STORIES
By Leontine Stanfield.

THE FLAME.
A Story Containing a Play.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MRS. LE ROY.

AN OLD GUARNERIOUS FIDDLE.

COLUMBIA.
An Operatic Phantasy.

THE MANDRAKE.

HIBISCUS.

MILLICENT.
A Christmas Story.

WISTARIA.

DIMPLES.

NELLO.

THE BIRTH OF A SOUL.

AN EPISODE.

IN PANSY-LAND WITH LEONTINE.
A Child's Illustrated Book.

SONGS BY LEONTINE STANFIELD.

G. SCHIRMER,
Publisher.

	Composer of Music.
WHEN DORCAS PASSES BY	Homer N. Bartlett
FOR THIS	Reginald de Koven

THE WILLIAM MAXWELL MUSIC CO.,
Publishers.

ELAINE	Homer N. Bartlett
LIFE IS A SONNET	Homer N. Bartlett
LOVE'S PLEADING	H. T. Burleigh

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,
Publishers.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND	Homer N. Bartlett

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,
Publishers.

SUMMERTIME'S SONG	Oley Speaks
A NIGHT IN JUNE	Oley Speaks
SINCE LOVE LED ME TO YOU	Oley Speaks
I LOVE THEE SO	Reginald de Koven
LOVE'S LITANY	Reginald de Koven
AT TWILIGHT	Reginald de Koven
ROSES OF JUNE	Reginald de Koven

WM. A. POND & CO.,
Publishers.

EXULT YE IN THE LORD	Manuel Klein
SLUMBERLAND'S ISLES	Manuel Klein
FROM OUT OF THE PAST	Manuel Klein
GYPSY LULLABY	Arranged by F. W. Meacham
MA PETITE	F. W. Meacham
MADELINE	F. W. Meacham
THE COOK AM I	L. Stanfield
DOWN AT EPHRAM JOHNSTON'S	Frank W. Webbe

IN MSS.

ENDYMION	Laura Sedgwick Collins

